

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

VOL. 3. NO. 24.

ARLINGTON, MASS., MARCH 16, 1901.

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will be here before you realize it, and all the world and his wife will don their best attire. Be ready for it by ordering your new suit of us, and we will have it ready for you by that time. We have the finest stock of selected fabrics in all shades and styles, and our fit, workmanship and style are exquisite.

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when you come home late any little domestic difficulty, by bringing a box of our delicious Caramels or a loaf of Hardy's Milk Bread. They never fail, and will be found irresistible at any time. Our choice Candies are sold at such low prices that every one can indulge their taste for sweets with with economy.

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At Pleasant Street Grocery and Provision Store.

JAMES O. HOLT.

PROMPT ACTION.

Lexington Town Meeting Transacts Most of the Business in the Warrant.

School Appropriation Tabled—Grade Crossings Taken up Briefly—A Full Meeting—Adjourned to Next Monday.

Monday night's adjourned town meeting at Lexington passed off very smoothly. There was practically nothing to disturb the serenity of the occasion. The only article in the warrant which could have caused a prolonged discussion was that pertaining to the appropriation for school purposes, and that was tabled without discussion.

Moderator Frizzelle conducted the meeting with fairness and allowed no unnecessary pauses to occur. Considering the amount of business transacted, the meeting was a short one. The hall was filled and many were obliged to stand at the rear. The gallery, also, was occupied, and there were nearly 100 ladies present.

The articles in the warrant were taken up separately, beginning with article 4, as follows:

Art. 4. To receive the report of any board of town officers or of any committee of the town for action thereon. Under this article came the report of the committee on water-supply, which was accepted and tabled.

At this point, A. E. Scott moved that this report and the recommendations for appropriation by the selectmen be considered when no other business was before the meeting. The motion was carried.

Edwin A. Bayley asked for the indulgence of the meeting while he spoke of the work of Mr. Saville as town clerk for 27 years. He moved that the moderator appoint a committee of 12 to prepare a suitable testimonial for Mr. Saville. The meeting passed this vote heartily.

Rev. Carleton A. Staples was also allowed to speak at this time on a subject not pertaining to the article under consideration. Rev. Mr. Staples announced that more room was needed for the library in the Cary library. He also said that the trustees had voted to give the relics, with the exception of the Pitcairn pistols, to the Historical society for safe keeping. They would be placed in the Hancock Park house and their removal would give the needed room in the library. He asked for an appropriation of \$150 for the addition of needed bookcases, etc. The request was favorably received.

Mr. Staples made another request, that the salary of the assistant in the library who received \$100 per annum for being employed a part of the time, be increased to \$200, so that she may work all the time. This was voted.

On motion of Mr. Sampson, article 5 was then taken up.

Art. 5. To choose a tree warden for the term of one year, in accordance with the provisions of chapter 330 of the acts of 1899.

Mr. Sampson secured the floor and after speaking of the great loss the town had suffered in the death of Mr. Wellington, he nominated Edwin J. B. Nourse for the position of tree warden. The question was put; there were a few "Noes." The moderator said: "The chair thinks that it is a vote." "That's what it is," came a voice from the rear of the hall.

The moderator asked for another voice vote. "Yes," was more "Noes," but the chairman declared the vote carried, and being doubted, the townsmen were ordered to pass before the chair and be counted. There was much excitement when Mr. Nourse was declared elected by a vote of 67 to 65.

Article 6 was next in order. Art. 6. To choose such town officers as are required by law and are usually chosen by nomination.

Edwin A. Bayley nominated Abbott S. Mitchell and the latter retaliated by nominating Mr. Bayley. Roger I. Sherman was also nominated and all three were elected. For field-clerks, Mr. Frank W. Herricks, Henry W. Lewis and Mr. Fred S. Piper were chosen. William F. Simms was defeated for surveyor of lumber, and Messrs. A. S. Mitchell and George W. Spaulding were chosen war. Sampson moved that the remaining offices be filled by the selectmen. This customary motion prevailed.

Art. 7. To see if the town will accept the list of jurors prepared and posted by the selectmen as required by law.

Town Clerk Harrington read the jury list. The names of John D. Bacon and Albert H. Burnham were withdrawn because they have been drawn since the list was prepared and the names of Byron C. Earle, George F. Teague and Arthur F. Hutchinson were withdrawn at their own request. The list was then accepted.

Art. 8. To see if the town will make an appropriation for the proper observance of Memorial day, to be expended under the direction of P. G. A. R.

On motion of E. S. Locke, \$175 was appropriated, the same to be expended under the direction of the quartermaster of the post.

Art. 9. To provide for the support of the public schools for the ensuing year and grant money for the same.

This article was tabled without discussion.

Art. 10. To provide for the support of the poor at the poor farm for the ensuing year and grant money for the same.

On motion of John F. Hutchinson the same amount as last year, \$2,000, was appropriated.

Art. 11. To provide for the support of the outside poor for the ensuing year and grant money for the same.

Mr. Hutchinson moved that \$4000 be appropriated, being the same amount as last year, with \$500 added to cover the overdraft.

There was a warm discussion on this question. James Barnes announced that he had been told that many of the outside poor were aliens, and asked for information on the subject. He later explained that what he meant by aliens was those who were not voters.

Mr. Sampson quoted the law to show that it made no difference whether they were voters. So long as they had a settlement in town (that is, had lived there five years and paid taxes for three consecutive years) they became town charges.

Mr. Barnes continued and said that he knew of outside poor who were being supported in a better manner than he could afford to live. He proposed against paying taxes for such a purpose.

Mr. Sampson replied that if the last speaker, or any other citizen, knew of an able-bodied man who was being supported by the town it was his duty to inform the overseers of the poor.

Mr. Barnes said that he had been in the town only a short time, but that before he had lived there long he would be heard from on the matter.

Rev. Mr. Staples thought that the article needed careful consideration. He said that while the city of Quincy, with 22,000 inhabitants, expended only \$8,000 for its poor, Lexington, with barely 4,000 people, spent \$2,000. He said that he was the last man to begrudge a cent to the needy poor, yet he opposed indiscriminate giving, if there had been any.

Mr. Sampson again took the floor to defend last year's board of overseers of the poor. He said that if anyone had come into the office he would have gone over the books with him, and shown him where the town cared for charges of the city of Boston and the Boston board of overseers had refused to pay a cent. Mr. Sampson characterized the Boston

(Continued to Page Five.)

10,000 YARDS Dress Goods

JUST RECEIVED FROM NEW YORK.

This large shipment, added to our regular stock gives us the largest and best assortment of Dress Goods ever shown in this city.

Pebble Cheviot

All wool extra quality 50 in. wide Black, Brown and Navy

\$1 and \$1.50

Silk Crepons

Very handsome patterns Lustrous Black, 42 inches wide

\$1 and \$1.50

Bicycle Suiting

All wool extra heavy Plaid Black, Grey, Blue and Oxford, 54 in. wide

\$1.50

Extra heavy all wool Homespun 50 in. wide, Grey and Blue

75c yard

Extra heavy Union mixed Plaid, black, Grey, Blue and Brown

30c yard

Venetians

All wool superior quality, 52 in. wide, all colors

\$1 yard

All wool good quality, 36 in. wide, all colors

50c yard

Homespun

All wool superior quality, 50 in. wide, Grey, Blue and Oxford

75c yard

All wool good quality, 38 in. wide all colors

50c yard

Cheviots

All wool superior quality, 50 in. wide, Black and Navy

\$1 yard

All wool superior quality, 46 in. wide, Black and Navy

75c yard

All wool good quality, 36 in. wide, Black and Navy

50c yard

Broadcloth

Very fine superior quality all wool, 50 in. wide, Black, Brown, Blue, Castor and Grey

\$1 yard

Cashmere

Extra quality very fine all wool, 50 in. wide, in Black only

\$1 yard

Good quality all wool, 40 in. wide, Black, Navy, Royal, Old Rose, Cream & Light Blue

50c yard

Whipcord

Very fine quality strictly all wool very neat and dressy, 56 in. wide, Navy, Green and Grey

85c yard

Vigoreaux

Superior quality all wool, 46 in. wide, all colors

75c yard

Storm Serge

Superior quality extra heavy all wool 50 in. wide, Black and Navy

\$1 yard

Good quality all wool, 40 in. wide, Navy, Black, Red, Brown and Grey

50c yard

Good quality wool mixed, 36 in. wide, in all colors

25c yard

Fair quality all colors, 28 in. wide, actually worth 15c

12 1-2c yard

"Plaids"

Superior quality Imported German Plaids, 40 in. wide

50c yard

Good quality, large assortment, pretty patterns, all new

25c yard

Choice selection, new styles, handsome colors

12 1-2c yard

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MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.

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A. S. HARRIMAN.

Arlington's Efficient and Popular Chief of Police.

Arlington has become rightfully distinguished for the efficiency of her police force. We are not always sufficiently mindful of our police department, of its manifold duties and its constant watchfulness and its unceasing work. Arlington's police force should receive as much credit when everything is quiet and peaceful all along the line, as it receives in quelling a riotous disturbance, for the peace and quiet largely comes from our police regulations. Arlington has an excellent body guard, and she is safe as long as Alonzo S. Harriman, chief of police, remains in his present position, and has with him on the force the plucky, faithful "boys" that now give him such ready and cheerful aid. Chief Harriman was born in Glenburn, Maine, in 1845, and lived upon the home farm with his parents until he went into the war of the Rebellion. He was a member of Co. A, 51st regiment, Maine volunteers under the command of Capt. Daniel E. White, of Bangor. Mr. Harriman was wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania on the 12th of July, 1864, and soon after the close of the war returned home and remained on the old farm for some-



ALONZO S. HARRIMAN,
Chief of the Arlington Police.

thing more than a year. Chief Harriman in the several battles in which he took active part, always faced the enemy, and never left his post until the last gun was fired, and he was ordered to "right about face, march." Mr. Harriman left home in 1868, and came to Boston, where he found employment with the Metropolitan R. R. Co., for which company he worked for nearly two years. Then he went to the Cambridge R. R. company, where he remained until 1874, when he was appointed upon the police force of that city, and was at first a patrolman and then sergeant, and subsequently lieutenant. He was for nineteen years in these several responsible positions. On May 1st, 1894, Mr. Harriman was appointed chief of police of Arlington, in which official station he still continues. Chief Harriman has always proven himself equal to his duties wherever he has been placed. A genial, pleasant man to meet, never assuming arbitrary authority, he is very much respected by every member of the police force, and by the town of Arlington as well. His face, which is to be seen in this issue, tells a pleasant and complimentary word for the man himself.

STEPHEN SYMMES.

Arlington Loses a Highly Respected Citizen.

In the death of Stephen Symmes, which occurred on last Monday evening, Arlington loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens. Mr. Symmes was born on the old homestead on Old Mystic street, August 11, 1816, where he had resided his life long. The town at that early date was a part of Charlestown; afterward it became West Cambridge, and eventually it became Arlington. Mr. Symmes often remarked that he had lived in three separate towns without changing his residence. Mr. Symmes had occupied many positions of public trust. He was for several years one of the assessors in Arlington, and for several terms he was a member of the school board. He had been one of the directors of the Arlington savings bank, of which institution he was one of the original projectors. He served the town at one time as collector. He had been a member of the Pleasant Street Congregational church for many years.

Mrs. Symmes died several years ago, since which time Mr. Symmes and his late daughter, Hattie, kept the home. The deceased was a man genial and pleasant in all his social and family life, so that he had drawn about him many friends.

A man of the utmost integrity, he had won the confidence of all who knew him. A lover of his home, his first care was given his household, a gentleman of the old school, he never forgot those courtesies in his daily life and conversation which go so far in making life pleasant and enjoyable to others. It is but a few weeks ago that we passed a most agreeable hour with him at his delightful home overlooking all the country about. We pleasantly remember his reminiscent mood at the time of our call; how he affectionately spoke of the few of his townsmen near his own age, who were left. Mr. Symmes had a loyal love for Arlington, and during his long life, he had shown his interest in her welfare by giving his time and services to her behalf. Two sisters, Mrs. Josiah Locke and Miss Sarah Symmes, survive him. The funeral of the deceased was held on Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock, at Rev. Mr. Bushart's parsonage, officiating. There were no pallbearers. The interment was in Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

The provisions of Mr. Symmes's will are given on page eight.

ARLINGTON WOMAN'S CLUB.

The next regular meeting of the Arlington Woman's club will occur on the evening of March 21, at 8 o'clock, in the town hall. Dr. Josiah Strong will speak on "New Conditions Confronting the New Century." Club members are requested to present their membership tickets at the door on that evening.

W. W. ROBERTSON,

448 MASS. AVE., Arlington Centre.

Antique and Modern Furniture

Furniture made to order from designs. Antique Furniture reproduced, repaired and polished. Upholstering and repairing in all branches. Mattresses made to order, purified by steam and made over.

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refitted and laid. Having a thorough practical knowledge of the business, I employ only the best skilled workmen and guarantee all work done by me.

Please call and look over our system and facilities for doing good work. Shall be pleased to refer you to testimonials in Arlington, Winchester, Belmont, Lexington, Cambridge Boston and elsewhere.

UP AGAINST IT.

Harvard's Mascot Orangeman
Seems Doomed—His Rival
Appears—Half a Century's
Reign About to End.

[From the Boston Sunday Post.]

One by one the old institutions at Harvard are giving away to the new. Last week it was the old pump, which the Med Fac blew up. The college has since decided not to put in a new one. Now it is John the Orangeman who seems doomed.

For nearly fifty years John the Orangeman has been about Harvard. Year in and year out he has been the mascot and the fruit vender of the college. Today he is the best known Harvard man. He stands alone with President Eliot in the point of known men. He is the link between the past and the present. He is the most revered of the college relics. But day by day John grows old and feeble, and his calls at the door with

or filled with potatoes and oatmeal for his journey, he walked to Cork. From there he took a steamer to Liverpool and then sailed to America. He landed in Boston. All that he had was his empty trunk and a shillelah. He has that shillelah yet.

For a few years John worked about Cambridge on odd jobs. Then one day, when the Harvard baseball men were playing on the old common, John watched the game. It was hot and soon the men stretched themselves out under the Washington elm for a rest. Somebody asked John, a red-cheeked young Irishman, to bring some water. John got the water, but it was not plain water. It was molasses water, with ginger and vinegar in it. Irishmen and farmers know the drink. But it was new to the Harvard boys. It quenched the thirst, and they began to ask John questions. His wide brogue pleased them, as it has generations since. They found that he was poor and out of work. They told him to get some fruit and sell it at the doors. He did it, and that was his start. Soon he was "John the Orangeman," and "John the Orangeman" he has been ever since.

It was not until the '80's that the men began to take him about as a mascot. Once in '88, he went down to New York on the Fall River boat. He began to sing his pet version of "Erin-Go-

A LOVERS' QUARREL

"Jim Fairchild," said John Armstrong, "is the best ice cutter in the neighborhood, and we're lucky to get him."

So she (Sallie Armstrong) would have to meet Jim Fairchild and be polite to him in her own home; she would have to wait on him at the table, pass him hot biscuits, put two spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee—how well she knew his liking—and see that his hunger was quite satisfied. When they had worked together the winter before at hog killing time, it was over the sausage that she and Jim had grown confidential, and he had told her how much he liked a trace of sage in it, and that his sister, with whom he lived, never put it in hers, but made it hot with red pepper. Sallie promised to send a jar of her make to his sister so that she should have one good meal of sage seasoned sausage.

It was after that evening that her father had teased her about Jim and said: "If he likes sage seasoning so well, he ought to get him a wife who knows how to use it, hey, Sallie?" And she had blushed.

When the time came to put up ice last winter, wasn't Jim there again, big and strong, but deft in the use of ax and the handling of the big chunks! "Jim's the best and fastest worker in the neighborhood," her father had announced when the icehouse had been filled and the ice packed over with straw.

Sallie had quarreled with Jim. It was the first time in all their lives that they had quarreled. Even in childhood Sallie had not been so unreasonable. Jim thought, as when she insisted that their engagement should be a secret.

"But I don't want to tell anybody but Sister Emma," he had argued.

He had not much tact, and Sallie had been irritable that day.

"You may tell your sister Emma anything you please," announced Sallie coldly, "but you shall not tell her that you are engaged to me!"

"But why, Sallie?"

"Because we are not engaged!" snapped Sallie, anxious to hurt him and eager to hurt herself, as is woman's way.

"Not engaged?" gasped big Jim.

"Our engagement is broken, Mr. Fairchild," said Sallie, with all the dignity she could summon. Turning, she walked down the path from the gate, leaving him with his hand stretched out through the white palings, his quick gesture of appeal unheeded.

From the outside of the gate Jim watched her pass down the yard, through the shrubbery and finally disappear in the house, with not one look back.

Lovers' quarrels are often foolish things—that is, foolish to every one but themselves—and perhaps Sallie Armstrong had been wrong, but she would not admit it, and that, again, is woman's way.

The Sunday after the encounter at the gate Sallie was at church in all the bravery of her new finery, purchased that fall, and with an eye to pleasing Jim. She was hopeful that she might see him; that he would apologize humbly and beg to be taken back into her good graces. Even if she had been in the wrong, had he not been stubborn too?

Jim was timid and uncertain what to do. When the service was over, the people poured out of the big wooden building and stood about under the leafless trees exchanging greetings, the men untiring horses and driving to the edge of the walk in buggies and wagons, and the women all talking at once. Sallie kept close to her mother, but Jim was not afraid of Mrs. Armstrong. He came up awkwardly, took off his hat, looked beseechingly at Sallie and then talked crops with John Armstrong, who had a well grounded liking for his daughter's suitor.

Two months had passed. Here it was the middle of January and putting up ice time, and their foolish lovers' quarrel not yet made up. Sallie felt that a reconciliation was impossible. Jim could not have cared much for her, she thought, or he would not have been refused so easily. He ought to have known that she didn't mean it. He had taken her at her word, and no woman likes to have a man do that. She prefers to have him overrule her in spite of herself. So it was that Sallie had got herself to believe that she had a real grievance against Jim.

It would take three days' hard work to fill the Armstrong icehouse, and Jim knew it. He was hopeful that he might get a word with Sallie some time in the three days. Perhaps Jim was wiser than the girl thought him. He had waited until she was quite repentant.

Sallie and her mother were very busy that first morning. They had to get dinner for seven men besides their own family, and they had inefficient help in the kitchen. Potatoes, cabbage, hominy, crisp celery, grown in their own garden—all this was to be prepared, along with chicken pie and roast pork. For dessert there was to be sliced sweet potato pie, with sauce and peach preserves.

"Don't you think we'd better have sausage, too?" asked Mrs. Armstrong. "It's awful cold. The men'll be hungry."

Sallie's pale cheeks had flamed at the thought of serving sage seasoned sausage to Jim, but she brought the sausage jar without a word and began to dig at the frozen contents with a big knife. Jim would like the sausage; she was sure of that.

Dinner time came, and it was a flushed and heated Sallie who invited the ice workers to the dining room and served them so swiftly to all the good things. She had been so busy and so interested in the dinner that she had had no time to harbor grudges against Jim or any one else.

Jim's coffee had the necessary supply of sugar in the bottom of the cup. Jim noticed it, and the sign of Sallie's thoughtfulness warmed him quite as much as the steaming coffee.

The odor of sage saluted his nostrils. Sallie was coming with a dish of sausage. As she approached him he put out his hand toward her. For one moment they looked into each other's eyes over the steaming dish and smiled.

That evening Jim told "Sister Emma" that he was engaged to Sallie—St. Louis Republic.

Verdi was an Exception.

It was predicted when Verdi was a boy that he would not live long because he was of so serious a bent of mind and "thought so much." Thought usually lengthens a philosopher's or a mathematician's years, and men of science live long, but in the case of musicians the emotions interfere to shorten life. Mozart died at 35, Schubert at 31 (after he had composed 600 songs in addition to his numerous sonatas) and Chopin at 40.

CYCLE TOUR CLUBS.

FORMED TO WHEEL TO THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Valuable Information For Those Who Contemplate a Trip to Buffalo and the Great Show Which Will Be There Next Summer.

The chief pleasure which a bicycle affords is to be found by touring in congenial company, over good roads, through an unfamiliar country abounding in fine scenery of interesting historical associations.

The central location of Buffalo brings it within easy touring distance of the principal cities of the Eastern and Middle states and the Dominion of Canada. Within a radius of 500 miles are the cities of Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee and many other thriving and populous towns. Over one-half of the population of the United States and over two-thirds of the population of Canada reside within this radius. The reputation which Buffalo has for being the coolest city in the country in summer time, its many miles of smoothly paved and heavily shaded streets and avenues, the fine buildings, magnificent electrical effects, beautiful landscapes and the multitudinous attractions displayed by the exhibitors of the Pan-American Exposition will make Buffalo the cyclists' Mecca next summer. Cyclists living within this distance of 500 miles



CASINO AND BOATHOUSE—PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

from Buffalo are not living up to their possibilities if they fail to visit the Pan-American Exposition.

Valuable information on the most important subjects of human interest will be freely disseminated to all visitors. Knowledge of great interest and of unsurpassed value may be had for the price of admission. It will be a vast school of learning, where expensively illustrated information may be had for the asking. Concentrated experience of a lifetime, from which all the froth and foam of experimental failure has been skimmed, will be freely offered to the public. It is easy to make a mistake, and life offers plenty of opportunity for regrets, but it will be easy to attend the Exposition and avoid this unfortunate consequence.

It will be impossible to visit the Exposition grounds even for a day without deriving both pleasure and profit. It will be impossible to conceive through a neighbor's description an adequate idea of the Exposition's wonderful beauty, its rare plants and flowers, its numerous patios, its elegant proportions, its odd scenes representing distant lands, its sparkling fountains and more than all its general comprehensive utility.

Cyclists who contemplate visiting the Exposition should begin making their preparations this winter in order to fully enjoy an enterprise of such importance. Histories of the different Pan-American countries should be read and descriptions of exhibits collected and studied in order to select those pertaining to subjects of the greatest interest to individuals. It will be impossible to see everything without staying all summer, but by systematically laying out an intelligent plan much may be accomplished in a given time.

These winter evenings may be profitably employed by forming a club with a view to carrying out this idea. This club should be planned to include the financial arrangements for a tour a wheel to Buffalo, in which case it might be officered by a treasurer and secretary. The duty of the secretary would include all necessary correspondence in regard to information for the benefit of the club as well as arrangements for hotel and other accommodations while the party is en route and during its stay in Buffalo. If each club member should pay into the treasury a stated amount each week, a sufficient sum would soon be realized to meet the necessary expenses of the trip. The treasurer of the club should pay all bills while touring, while to another should be delegated the care of the baggage.

To make the tour thoroughly enjoyable the organizer of the club must before starting out carefully plan the routes to be followed, choose his companions for the trip and so arrange matters that he and his fellow tourists shall enjoy the maximum of pleasure without appreciable fatigue and at the smallest possible expense.

Bicycle touring cannot be enjoyed without the personal comfort of each member of the party being largely considered and the more experienced riders regulating their speed to the pace set by the novices. As soon as riding becomes hard labor one might just as well dig a trench or break

stones on the roadside and call it sport. If this little maxim was borne in mind by old riders when out with those of less experience, we should see fewer weary and mud bespattered men and women toiling homeward late in the evenings and averring that holidays spent a wheel make the so called pleasures more disagreeable than a day spent in the office or factory.

The strongest and most experienced rider in the party should bring up the rear to assist the more inexperienced in case of accident and to encourage the weak or tiring rider. A trip of eight or ten days will satisfy most riders, and if there is a spare day sandwiched in the middle on which rest is taken the enjoyment of the tour will gain zest. The object of a tour is not the mileage covered, but the amount seen and the enjoyment derived from it. Much will depend on the nature of the country and the condition of the roads. Fifty to 75 miles a day should be the maximum distance even over the very best roads, and if the tourists are to get the most satisfaction from their outing and mount every morning full of ardor for the day's ride they will content themselves with from 40 to 50 miles a day. Early starts in the morning are a feature rather of speculative than actual touring. People who have really tried one speak enthusiastically of the joys of a daybreak ride, but it is to be hoped that no tenderfoot will be beguiled by these siren voices into getting off without his breakfast. The advisability of a rest in the middle of the day of at least two hours is admitted by most if not all tourists.

The first essential toward a success-

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THE TABLET OF LIFE.

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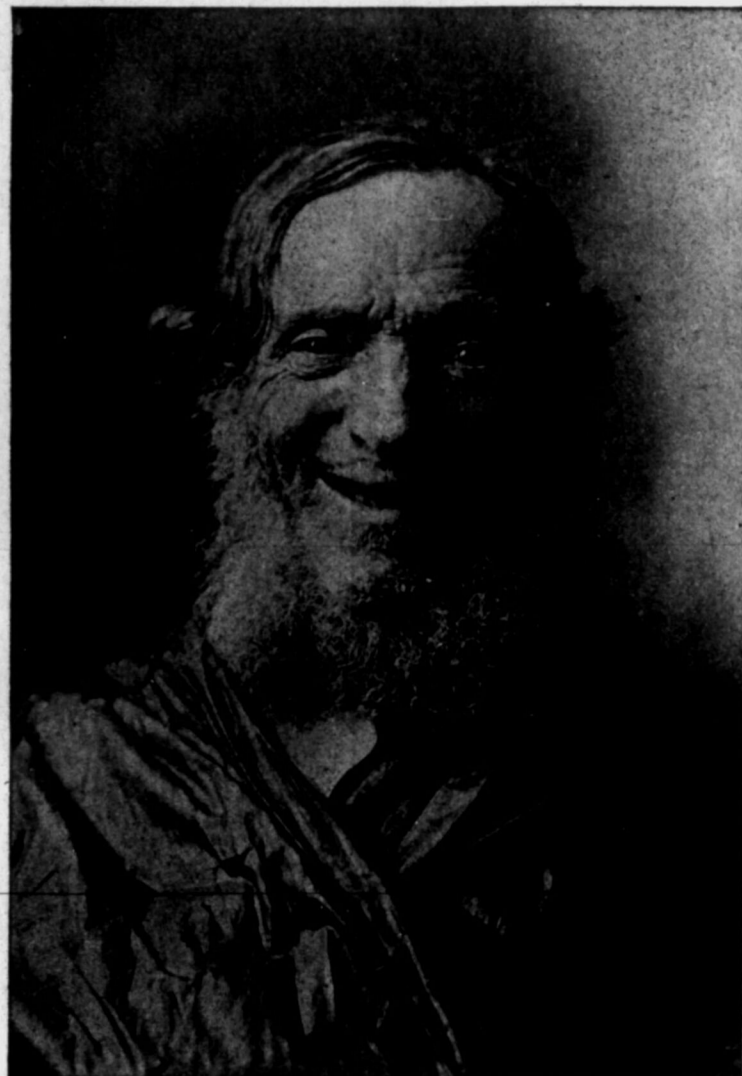
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"JOHN THE ORANGEMAN." (JOHN LOVETT).

his cry: "Fruit today, frin!" grow less frequent. And in the place of John's grizzled and toothless face comes that of Francisco Beninati, a round, smiling son of Italy.

The old Irishman is slowly losing his grip. Age has enfeebled him. The young Italian, educated, polished and insinuating, comes to the front.

Old John's place in the hearts of Harvard men is unchanged. He is still old John. He is still spoken to with the same respect. He is still helped out when his cart gets old, and he still is the mascot. But fresher fruit and more regular calls win trade. That is why Francisco Beninati is daily gaining ground.

For fifty years John has had the field to himself. College sentiment has kept rivals away. John has made money. He has defied custom in his bookkeeping. He trusts everybody. He never calls for his cash. Yet he makes 100 per cent.

He has built a house and has a neat pile hoarded.

But his Italian rival comes recommended. Professor Charles Eliot Norton knows him. Beninati is not a dago. He is an educated Italian. Professor Norton is the head of the Dante society. He is a professor of Italian. He finds Beninati a congenial and worthy man. That is why he recommends him as worthy of help. And Hugh Bancroft, the oarsman, gave him a letter also. Beninati needs help and he uses this method of getting it.

But he is no ordinary fruit vender. When he has shown his letters and sold his fruit he drops you a little card. The card tells you that he is an experienced tutor in Latin and Italian. Beninati, if he succeeds, will not end his days as the Harvard fruit vender and mascot. He may yet be the professor of Italian and Latin.

But he is starting as John started. He is going from door to door with two baskets on his arm. John did this up to the eighties. Now John has a donkey and several carts, the gifts of class and And John says the freshman class has got to have those carts painted. Perhaps the Med Fac will do it. They keep their paint brushes going all day.

John is as much a part of Harvard as the old yard. He is as much a sign of Cambridge as the glass flowers or the Washington elm.

Visitors to Cambridge want to see the college yard, the glass flowers and John. Every man or woman who has ever attended a football game has seen John. He always drives round the field, a large stovepipe hat, with a crimson band, on his head, and in his hand a Harvard flag with which he whips his lazy donkey into a trot. Again he staggers about from age among the crowds in the stand and sells his popcorn cakes and oranges. Even there a Harvard man has but to say, "I'll pay you next time, John," and John's answer always is: "All right, frin."

Beninati is not so well known. He is new. But step by step he is adding to his list of customers. And John 68 years old, has difficulty in covering the wide-spread field.

Years ago Beninati was a student at Tertio college in Italy. His father was a well-to-do merchant. Francisco was preparing to enter the gymnasium at Rome. But suddenly business went to smash, and he was left to his own support. He had been accustomed to ease and luxury. He was a polished young son of wealth. Then he came to America and has been here for over twenty years. Fate has at last landed him as a fruit vender in Harvard.

John doesn't recognize any man's right to sell fruit at Harvard. But Beninati does sell fruit and wins friends. Men must choose between the Italian and the Irishman. John has tradition on his side. That counts for much at Harvard. But Beninati has energy and fresh fruit.

John Lovett, or John the Orangeman, has had a most interesting career. His life has been part of Harvard. He is a link between the past and the present. He knew President Eliot, and saw him chosen as president. He knew and remembers John D. Long, Roosevelt, Wood, William E. Russell, and was a personal friend to Longfellow, Agassiz and Lowell. He has seen Harvard grow from a college of 300 or 400 men to 3000.

John's memory is peculiar. It is hard to understand his talk. You have to learn his dialect. You ask him if he remembers anything or anybody, even though the date be a century back, he answers "I member."

Over fifty years ago he was living in County Kerry, Ireland. John decided to come to America. Two brothers had come before him. And with a little red trunk (even then he had a Harvard col-

FRANCISCO BENINATI,
John the Orangeman's Rival.

be John, and nobody can ever take his place.

Musical notation would be inadequate to describe the tune of John's only song, but here are the words of one of the many verses of his version:

"At first in me youth Oi was cuttin' the land,
Wid the brogues on me feet and the shpade in me hand,
The people they say 'twas a pity to see
Such a handsome young man cuttin' turf in Tralee;

So Oi buther me brogues, and shook han's wid me shpade,
An' went to the fair loike a dashin' young blade,
Out comes a sargent an' axed would Oi fight,
Av he gave me the shillin' he held in his fist;

Erin-Go-Braugh, shillelah an' all,
My heart it be wid ye, poor Erin-Go-Braugh,
"Oi know ye're a Pat by the cut av your hair;
Oi know ye're a Pat by the clo'es that ye wear."

"If Oi be a Pat phwat's that to you?
If Oi be the divil that's nothing to you,
The black thorn shillelah Oi held in me fist;
Around his big napper Oi made it to twist."

The blood of his napper Oi quickly did,
An' showed him the game av Ould Erin-Go-Braugh."

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TO MAINE HEROES.

FINE MARBLE MEMORIAL TO BE
ERECTED IN NEW YORK.

It Will Be the First Monument of
Consequence in Honor of the Gal-
lant Jack Tars Who Went Down
With the Battleship.

The monument to be erected in New York in honor of the officers and crew of the United States battleship Maine will be the first of any consequence to commemorate the disaster which precipitated the Spanish-American war.

Forty-eight sculptors participated in the first competition, the largest number that ever engaged in such a contest in this country. A jury consisting of 11 men, four of whom—namely, John LaFarge, Walter Cook, R. O'Donovan and Frederick Dielman—are professional artists, the other seven being laymen, passed upon the 48 sketches and models and narrowed the list of competitors to three sculptors, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Zolney and Mr. Piccirilli.

These three were then given the choice of submitting new methods or of relying upon the ones already in, with or without alterations. Mr. Piccirilli made some radical changes in his model, as did Mr. Hayes, but Mr. Zolney made none whatever in his.

The decision in favor of Mr. Piccirilli was reached by a close vote, all three of the models in the final competition having been much admired. Under the rules of the competition each of the two unsuccessful contestants will receive \$1,000 as compensation for his work.

Long Acre square, where the new statue is to stand, is at the intersection of Broadway and Seventh avenue, extending from Forty-fifth street to Forty-eighth street. The monument will stand in the center of a circle situated about midway between the two streets named. By the time the monument is in place the two large hotels which the Astors have planned to erect facing the square, one on the east and the other on the west side, will have been completed. Other improvements soon to be made in that locality include the building of a fine theater. Within five years this square will be faced by skyscrapers on both the Broadway and the Seventh avenue sides, but the width of the square is so great that the monument will not be dwarfed.

Tennessee marble is the stone of which the monument will be fashioned. It will be 65 feet high, measuring from the base to the triarchy. The base will extend a considerable distance to the right and left of the shaft—if the upright portion can properly be called a shaft—and have a width of 80 feet. At the foot of the shaft there will be some magnificent sculpture in bronze, symbolical of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The figure of a young man of athletic build will have a place



DESIGN FOR MONUMENT TO MAINE HEROES, alongside the running water, which will represent the Atlantic. On the opposite side will be the figure of an old man of apparently sluggish temperament and a more placid stream, symbolical of the Pacific.

There will be in all ten bronze statues, including two heroic ones, representing respectively Power and Justice. A group which promises to be very effective will be an additional embellishment of the lower part of one side of the monument. It will consist of a Roman galley, typifying the battleship Maine, and this will be drawn by a youth representing the strength of the nation and the pride of the latter in the men and ships of its navy.

But the crowning beauty of the monument will be a large bronze group surmounting all and which Mr. Piccirilli calls "Columbia Triumphant." The goddess will be depicted bearing the wreaths of victory in her arms. She will stand upon a galley drawn by two sea horses. Upon the base of the monument will be perpetuated the names of the brave fellows who went to their death in the doomed battleship.

Upon the completion of the naval arch in Battery park, to cost \$500,000, the soldiers and sailors' monument on Riverside drive, for which about \$200,000 is being expended, and the Maine monument New York will have three works of art to do the comparatively small number in which she now takes pride.

The sculptor to whom has been awarded the contract to model and erect this monument is a young man 30 or 37 years old. He comes of a family of sculptors and painters on both his father's and mother's side. Associated with him in his studio work are six brothers—Ferdinand, Furio, Gellio, Horatio, Massaniello and Tomasso.

Ottillio Piccirilli was born near Rome and was educated in the so-called public schools of that city. He was also for a time a pupil at the famous St. Luke's Academy of Sculpture in Rome, an institution to which France as well as Italy sends her most promising sculptors, while America sends daft over the impressionist school, sends hers to Paris.

The seven brothers have the largest studio building in New York city. It is four stories in height and covers two city lots. They have done a great deal of work for private individuals and not a little in the way of statues for churches, but the Maine monument will be by far the most important of their undertakings.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king and loved a royal sport.
And one day as his lions fought at looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed,
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crown-
ing show.

Valor and love and a king above and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They hit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another;
The bloody foam above the bars came whirling through the air;

Said Francis then, "Faith, gent' men, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love overheard the king, a beautiful, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same.

She thought: "The count, my lover, is brave as a lion can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me."

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love, great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and then in a moment leaped among the lions wild.

The leap was quick, return was quick, he had regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.

"By heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;

"No love," quote he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

—Leigh Hunt.

Emmeline's Experience.

She Sought to Win a Country Heart For Pastime.

When Mrs. Burkholder went down into the country for a month's stay and took Emmeline with her, Emmeline felt inclined to rebel. It was an attractive advertisement that Moses J. Stookey had in the Chicago papers. The name of the place—Fernwood—was entrancing enough of itself and suggested the cool shade, the brook rippling over mossy stones and tinkling in tiny cascades into still, brown pools, the pure milk and absence of mosquitoes and all the rest of the rural advantages appropriately specified in pearl type, but Emmeline had made plans of her own.

Like a dutiful daughter, she gave them up, however, and packed three good sized trunks in view of possible emergencies and notified De Forest Sanford of her destination. She notified De Forest in the course of their daily correspondence, once by telephone and the third time when he made his usual evening call.

"I'm afraid it will be deadly dull for you," said the young man. "Gee! What have you got stuck in your belt?"

"You want to be careful," she said gently. Then she added: "Oh, I don't know, though. Mamma says that there's a clubhouse on the lake and quite a number of nice men come down to fish. Perhaps it won't be so bad."

It may be noted that this clubhouse was purely imaginary, but girls are tender hearted, and perhaps Emmeline did not want De Forest to make himself miserable over the idea that she would be lonely and bored, but somehow the young man did not seem to be greatly consoled.

Three days from that time Mrs. Burkholder and her trunks and Emmeline and her trunks were unloaded on the platform of the little station at Butternut Center. As the two ladies were standing looking about them in the undecided way of people who expect to be called for by a young man shambled up to them and asked them if they were going to Fernwood. He was perhaps 26 or 28 years old, tall and splendidly proportioned, with a clear brown skin and fair hair that rather needed shearing. He was roughly dressed in a coarse cotton shirt, none of the cleanest, faded blue overalls and heavy cowhide boots, and a limp wool hat whose broad brim was imperfectly stiffened with a strand of baling wire shaded his classically molded features, saving the tip of his nose, which the sun had burned to a brick dust red. Emmeline thought that was a pity.

"I've got the backboard here to drive you over," said this magnificent young son of the soil. "I'll have to come over with the wagon and get your trunks later on, but I can take your satchels. Are these them here?"

"Are you Mr. Stookey?" asked Emmeline.

"No, marm," he answered, gathering the baggage together with one brown, sinewy hand; "I'm his hired man. My name's Doman—they generally call me Cy."

Emmeline was rather disappointed in Mr. Doman. She was conscious that, in spite of the three hours' railway journey, she was looking uncommonly well—uncommonly for her, for she always looked well. By all right and precedent Mr. Stookey's hired man should have been so overcome by her dainty presence as to be only capable of stammering and blushing, but he was entirely self possessed, and his gray eyes met hers in cool and almost critical scrutiny. For a moment the possibility that this might be some Chicago board of trade man or the like superior class incognito for the fun of the thing flashed across her mind, but she dismissed that idea as she walked behind him and noted his slouching gait and the way he wiped the perspiration from his manly brow with the sleeve of his shirt.

They got into the backboard, which was a double seated one. Emmeline and her mother rode behind, and the young lady had a good opportunity to admire the hired man's broad shoulders and snub nose and the care and certainty with which his strong hands controlled the spirited horses.

Fernwood really was quite a pretty place and the charms of the brook and the woods had not been overrated. Mr. Stookey was a pleasant, benevolent looking old man of a somewhat avaricious disposition with regard to extras, and his wife, a worn and perpetually flustered woman, who seemed to spend most of her waking hours over the kitchen stove, was kind and attentive when she had any time. There was a freckled boy of about 15, who was useful to the visitors and an unfailing source of entertainment besides. Another hired man, who was scrawny, sour and uninteresting, and a black eyed, buxom girl of 20 or there-

about, who helped Mrs. Stookey in the kitchen and waited at table and was called Lottie, made up the household.

Somehow the time did not drag with Emmeline as much as she expected it to. There was a quiet, but not too quiet, pony on the place and some pretty drives, and the freckled boy occasionally descended to take her out into the woods. She took a strong interest in the calves and the colts, and there were the ham-mock and her correspondence, and the cherries were ripe in the orchard, and, although Lottie was never friendly, Cy was.

As the time went on Emmeline noticed that this young man began to shave twice a week instead of once, as formerly, and that whenever she looked at him he was generally looking at her. Certainly he had blue eyes. Emmeline had nice eyes, too, and she knew perfectly well how to use them. Still it was hardly right to use them on an unsophisticated young man just because chance had thrown him in her way and there was no other young man.

She conceded to herself that this was wrong more than once, and she repented more than once, for she was a well meaning sort of girl. One night she took up a volume of Tennyson, intending to read herself to sleep, and ran across "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." When she had finished it, she shuddered and told herself that she was a wicked little coquette, and the next morning she hunted through her trunk for her prettiest morning frock and went down and reminded Cy of his promise to take her to the hayfield.

Not infrequently she drove out herself to the hayfield to take the men their jug of "swizzle," which is a nectar composed of vinegar, molasses, water and ginger, and Cy was always on hand to receive the jug. Once he said, after swinging it on his muscular arm and drinking deep and gurglingly:

"This tastes the best of any I ever drank."

"Why?" asked Emmeline innocently, and then dropped her eyes before his eloquent look.

"They've got the ginger just right," said the young man. That was the provoking thing about him. Emmeline could never tell precisely what effect she was having on him. In a general way she was afraid that she knew. But then she could hardly reproach herself. She had not deliberately set herself to "break a country heart for pastime" ere she went to town. If country hearts couldn't take care of themselves, it was surely not her fault. Thinking this, she bestowed a radiant smile on the stalwart haymaker as he adjusted her laprobe for her and asked him if he knew where there were some good ferns, as she intended to gather some that afternoon. He said he would show her a place.

But the girl's better nature asserted itself as she drove back. She had a conscience which was healthy and active, although a little enlivened by much use, and that conscience said so many plain things to her that she took her mother with her after the ferns that afternoon. Still further to appease the inward monitor, she wrote two extra pages to De Forest. Poor De Forest had been obliged to take a long western trip and was then in Denver. That was the reason he had not been down to Fernwood.

Emmeline had long since decided that Lottie was one of the strangest girls she had ever seen. She had been disposed to like Lottie and to be good to her and show her how to arrange that pretty hair of hers, but the girl had coldly repelled all of her advances, and after a little Emmeline's amiability gave out. When she heard Lottie laughing with the freckled boy, she even had little spasms of temper, because she knew then that the girl was not naturally morose, in which case she might have forgiven her. Emmeline did not like to have people dislike her. They very rarely did, and there was no reason why they should.

Except in the present instance. There was a reason, and Emmeline quite accidentally found it out.

She was going down to the springhouse. She wanted a drink of cool milk, and it was about churning time, and it was lots of fun to watch the churning. Sometimes the freckled boy did the work. Sometimes the old hired man and sometimes the young one. Anyway, she went down to the springhouse, but she stopped before the door, because she heard the voice of Lottie and Cy's mellow drawl. Lottie was angry, apparently.

Emmeline did not listen, but this much she heard before she realized what was going on:

"Do you think I'd have any trouble in getting another bean?" cried Lottie. "You can go with the girl just as much as you like, for me. She thinks she's some too."

And Cy said reproachfully: "See here, Lottie, you know that ain't so, and, for the matter of that, you know that there ain't been a girl from the city ever since I've worked for ole Stookey but what has chased me around the very same way. I believe the ole man pays me wages for that 'm'uch 's anything. You know?"

At this point Emmeline went away. When she got to her room, she looked in her glass and found that her cheeks looked as if the sun had visited them too ardently. She said, "Well, of all the conceit!"

And that evening the following passage occurred in her letter:

"And if you don't come down by Sunday, anyway, I am just going home, and when we meet we meet as strangers. I am tired to death, Dick, dear. It is desperately dull here, and I have too much time to think of you. You don't deserve it."—Chicago Record.

Sankey and "Ninety and Nine."

This is the story of the famous hymn "Ninety and Nine," as told by Mr. Sankey.

While in Europe in company with Mr. Moody in 1873 they were riding on the railroad train from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Mr. Sankey purchased a newspaper, and in glancing over it the first line upon the poet's corner, and the first line of a poem there attracted his attention. It ran, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay." He tore out the stanzas and cast the paper away.

By a singular coincidence that evening, in Edinburgh, Mr. Moody's theme was "The Lost Sheep." When the evangelist had concluded, he turned to Mr. Sankey and asked if he could not sing something which would be especially appropriate and in keeping with the sermon.

Mr. Sankey meditated a moment and then, walking to the organ, took from his pocket the little newspaper poem and spread it out before him. His fingers touched the keys, and the music seemed to come as if by inspiration. The effect was thrilling, and that night Mr. Sankey wrote out the music just as he had sung it for the first time, and not a note of it has ever been changed.

THE SUN'S ECLIPSE.

SUMATRA THE MECCA OF ASTRONOMERS ON MAY 17.

Elaborate Preparations Made to Observe For the First Time in the New Century the Darkening of the Sun by the Moon.

The new century's first eclipse of the sun, on May 17, will be most important for several reasons—its duration, its circumscribed area of visibility and the number of scientists who will journey thousands of miles to observe it. The duration of totality will be 6 minutes and 26 seconds, and it will be visible only in Sumatra, Borneo and New Guinea.

The eclipse will be best observed from Sumatra, and many observers have arranged to be on that island, particularly on the west coast, which local conditions make the most suitable for the work. The most important seaport on that side of the island is Padang, where the governor resides, and a railway connects it with Solok, 1,500 feet above sea level. Solok has been selected as the most desirable spot by the United States government's eclipse expedition, which is now en route aboard the transport Sheridan from San Francisco.

Solok is not on the central line of totality, being 20 miles from it. Nevertheless, the duration of totality will be only one-half a minute shorter than on the central line. In fact, totality at Solok will last 5 minutes and 52 seconds, which is unusually long. The eclipse will occur a few minutes after noon at Solok and about midnight, of the 17th in the United States.

Uncle Sam's expedition is under the direction of Professor A. N. Skinner of the United States naval observatory, Washington, and the party includes Professor E. E. Barnard of the Yerkes observatory, Dr. S. A. Mitchell of the Columbia university, Dr. Humphreys of the University of Virginia, Mr. Gilbert of Johns Hopkins university and Mr. L. E. Jewell and Mr. W. W. Dinwiddie of the United States naval observatory. These, with other astronomers who have joined the expedition, may be sent to different points in Sumatra along the line of totality, so as to lessen the chances of failure due to the intervention of cloudy weather during the eclipse.

At Padang the members of the expedition will become the guests of the Dutch government, which is also sending an ex-



PATH OF THE ECLIPSE.

pedition to Sumatra under the direction of Professor A. A. Nyland, director of the Utrecht observatory, Holland, and Dr. J. H. Wilterdink, astronomer at the Royal observatory, Leyden, Holland.

These scientists will join the United States naval observatory party on their arrival at Padang. Last year Professor Nyland and Dr. Wilterdink came all the way from Europe to observe the total eclipse of the sun which occurred on May 28, and they were commissioned by the Dutch government to visit stations of American eclipse observing parties. They obtained permission from Professor Campbell, the present director of the Lick observatory, to assist the Lick observatory expedition, for the benefit of the experience. Dr. J. H. Wilterdink took charge of an objective grating spectroscopy, and Professor Nyland assisted Professor R. J. Smith in the manipulation of a 33 inch photographic camera.

The two astronomers felt repaid for their trouble and considered the experience obtained of inestimable value to them in preparing them for their own work in Sumatra this year.

Professor Barnard succeeded in taking some excellent photographs of the corona at the last eclipse and will operate the same instrument at this one. He will use the largest plate ever used for similar work. The moon's image will be seven inches in diameter. Other plates will be 30 inches square, and plates 14 by 17 will also be used.

It is expected, of course, that the expedition will add much to astronomical knowledge. As the photographs taken last May showed four known fixed stars near the sun, the faintest of which was 6½ magnitudes (magnitude referring to brightness, not size) in 16 and 30 seconds' exposure, it is hoped this time that, with the longer exposure and larger plates, it may be possible to obtain the images of more stars. These stars being known, their accurate positions as given by the photographs will enable astronomers to determine the position of any object shown on the plates, such as an intra-Mercurial planet, if such a one exists.

The prospect of favorable weather in Sumatra is good, although it was at first assumed that the conditions were so unfavorable that it would not pay observers to make the long journey. The meteorological society of Batavia has for years kept records of temperature and rainfall in the island, and special observations were made last year during the months of April, May and June covering the region that will be traversed by the eclipse party. Although at Solok, the place selected for the principal station, there was rain on 19 days in May, the sun was visible on 31 days from the from the hour of 10 to 1 o'clock, the rain evidently occurring in the afternoon and night, which makes the scientists who go half way round the world in the interest of astronomy hopeful that like conditions may be found this year.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Dogs In Harness.

Edward F. Watrous writes interestingly in St. Nicholas of "Dog Teams and Sledges in Michigan." The dogs are hitched singly, in pairs, as four-in-hands and, in fact, in every way that horses are used for hauling. Sledges and cutters of special construction are drawn



THE RACE.

by the dogs. They draw merchandise and other freight, as well as passengers. Mr. Watrous furnishes many charming illustrations with his article, one of which, showing boys racing their dogs in the streets of a northwestern city, is reproduced in this column.

An Obedient Walking Stick.

Here is a pretty trick that any boy or girl can easily perform. It depends on the well known fact that all bodies have some electricity in them and that it is only necessary to wake the electricity to make them active. Take a sheet of thin paper, for example, and rub it briskly with a brush or with your hand, and you will find that it will stick to your hand, or to your clothes, much as if it were glued there. Rub a postal card in the same way and it will attract to itself any light thing, such as a scrap of cork or a pith ball.

It is with an electrified postal card that the trick referred to is performed. Place a chair in the middle of the floor and on the back of it balance a walking stick, telling the spectators that you are going to make the stick fall off the chair without touching either of them and without even blowing on the stick.

Having first thoroughly dried the postal card by holding it near a fire or a gas jet, rub it with a brush or on your sleeve and hold it near one end of the stick. The awakened electricity in the card will at once attract the stick and make it swing in any direction that you move the card, so that you may make good your promise and draw the stick out of equilibrium whenever you please.

You may substitute for the walking stick, if you choose, a cane fishing rod or a bamboo feather duster handle. All you have to do is to balance it nicely on the back of the chair, where it will swing so easily that the small quantity of electricity in the card will attract it. The trick is better performed in dry weather, for if the air be damp the electrical effect is much weakened.

"El Lagarto."

When the Spanish discoverers first saw the American crocodile, now known as the alligator, they were so astounded and impressed by its size that they called it "el lagarto." "Lagarto" means lizard and "el" means "the." The Spaniards laid especial stress upon the first word to signify that it was the king of its kind—"the" lizard. When Sir Walter Raleigh sailed up the Orinoco river, the natives still called the reptile "lagarto," and he used the word in his book, "Discovery of New Guinea." His English sailors caught the name, and never having seen it written, they soon began to transform it by mispronunciation. "El" became "al," and when Ben Jonson had occasion to write of the creature he used "aligarta." "Gator" is a much readier word for English tongues, and it was not long before the transforming process worked out "alligator." Then the dictionary makers pounced upon the word and put it away in their books, where it is likely to stay.

Sky Geography.



"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Tommy Trot, heaving a sigh.
"They've gone and put joggery up in the sky! There's hemispheres staring wherever I look. And I thought I had shut them all up in the book!"
—John Bennett in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Mum Family.

There is a funny family.
Of which I often hear.
In which the difference in size
To me seems very queer.
The family, I judge, is small—
Two seems to be the sum—
And Minnie Mum the one is called;
The other, Max I. Mum.

Now Minnie Mum is always shown
To be exceeding small,
While Max I. Mum a giant is,
So very large and tall,
But hand in hand they march about
As fond as fond can be,
And proud they are to let the world
Their striking contrast see.

This thought I might have given you
In one short rhyming verse,
And that would be the minimum;
Or, what would be much worse,
Through stanzas something like a score
My muse I might let hum
To tell the same, and that, you see,
Would be the maximum.

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Saturday, March 16, 1901.

TUNING THE PIANO.

Did you, Mr. Newspaper Man, ever attempt to write an editorial when tuning the piano was going on in the next room? Well, this is just our fix this morning. The sounds of chords and dischords are coming to our ears so thick and fast at this very moment, that in a low and impatient mumble we find ourselves trying to rise and fall the scale in a voice that recognizes no musical rhythm. But just wait a day or two until we are in our new office in the post-office building, with all its modern conveniences! Then no sound will reach us but that which shall tell of the Arlington Enterprise.

A STAGEY LAUGH.

We just so abominate a stagey laugh that we cannot help writing of it. It is not more than an hour ago that we heard such a laugh. It came in just where such a laugh was expected to come in, while its expression was keyed in a voice strictly in keeping with the latest in society life. This absolutely meaningless laugh observes all the so-called proprieties, and yet it bores one to death. Give us the good, old, rollicking, side-splitting laughter, which means something because it comes straight from the heart. None of your stagey laughter for us. A real laugh is the open sunshine of the soul.

THE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

The ordinary courtesies of life do much in smoothing the way. A cheerful "good morning" is oftentimes a whole benediction in itself. And yet too frequently the best of us forget our manners. We oftentimes become so absorbed in our business or possibly so disappointed over the failure of this, that or the other in our business life, that we practically forget for the time that there are others besides ourselves who have any existence. Good man, just shake off your business cares and disappointments, and so put yourself in such a condition as to meet men with a cheery word and a smiling face. How frequently we have been frozen well nigh to death by a cold, heartless greeting! Give us the man whose heart beats keep time with the music of the world, and whose warm life blood tempers and makes genial the atmosphere about. The little courtesies of life are a soul in full sympathy with men and women give to life an added charm.

CUT SHORT YOUR STORY.

Cut short your story, for we haven't the time nor the disposition to listen to "yarns"; and, yet, how the most of us like to spin out our little story, and bring in all the side-issues or collaterals! We have now in mind a man, who, in any simple narrative, will invariably go back to his early "conversion" in life as a focal date from which to start his story. We have heard the above individual so many times, over and over again, relate those first moments of his religious experience in telling the simplest narrative, that we have wished a thousand times that he had never been "converted." And then another man we know who can hardly say "good morning" to us that something doesn't remind him of the time when he was an elderman in the ninth ward of New York city. And then he well nigh bores us to death about his official life in the great city. And then another will insist on dating everything from the time he was in the legislature—and so it goes—the most of us are apt to dwell long and tediously upon the non-essentials that the gist of our story is lost before it is fairly told. We have an admiration for that man who has his say in the shortest possible way. We have always been in love with that young man who wrote his father in the following laconic style: "Dear Father—I am going to be married," and then we admire the father equally as well through his reply: "Dear Son—Do it." Yes, cut short your story. Men who work for a living have no time to listen to your long-spun-out yarns.

IN HAND WITH THE WORLD.

Arlington most fortunately for her people has a church ministry in touch and in sympathy with what we so frequently denominate "the wicked world"; and this fact is to be written down to the credit of our clergymen. The world has within the last quarter of a century grown upon all sides in a religious way. The church has broadened its definitions so that now it has come to mean an organization for the people. Formerly it was regarded, in almost every instance, as a home for those already saved; now it reaches out and gathers in the lost. Years ago the minister was regarded as a species of humanity all by himself—in his daily life he wasn't expected to talk like other men, neither to laugh like other men. He had a walk so particularly his own, that one easily recognized his ministerial dignity at the farthest possible distance.

It is not so many years ago that one could pick out the minister simply by the cut of his coat and the color of his necktie. In those days the conversation of that "good man" was always upon religious subjects. His "good morning" was immediately followed by the query: "How is it with your soul?" The clergymen of the olden time were saintly men, and we have a profound respect and love for them. But since their day the world has been increasing in knowledge and wisdom. We have now learned that the more natural and surer way to save your

man is to eat and drink with him—to get close to him in an informal way. The so-called world of theology has learned that familiar talks from the pulpit upon subjects that belong to each day of the week, and which enter as important factors into our daily lives, are more essential than learned essays on foreordination, or sermons of almost interminable length, in attempting to prove that the world was created in six days, or that Jonah was in the belly of a big fish for three days and three nights. It is the man in which ministers and people are most interested today. More is said in these later times of living religion, than of "experiencing religion." More is now made of life than of theory. Possession is in the lead, while mere profession is in the background, where it rightfully belongs. The theological profession has bumped up against the world, and it has allowed the world to bump up against it—and both are all the better for this getting together. The pulpit is in these days represented by men who are a good deal like other people, and for this reason do they get a closer grip on men and women than in the former times. Particularly is all this true of our Arlington clergymen. Men, everyone of them, of culture and ability, and yet they are men among men. Instead of running from them we love to get near them and have a chat with them. Whenever we are all played out in writing editorials and news items, we just hunt up an Arlington minister, who will restore to us our normal condition in one of those informal and cordial interviews for which they all are so distinguished. Our Arlington clergymen are much at home, both in the pulpit and out of it. Yes, this town has a church ministry in touch and in sympathy with the people.

ROBBINS LIBRARY.

We have such a love for Robbins library that we can do no other than frequently write of it. There is no town in near vicinity to Boston that has so imposing and convenient a library building as has Arlington. And then what is more valuable than all else, is the library itself. Robbins library is our schoolmaster. It is always such a delight for us to make our way almost daily to its reading room and then take in whatever is latest and brightest in the world of letters. There, in Robbins library "we can select our companions from the most richly gifted of the sons of God, and they are companions who will not desert us in sickness or in poverty or in distress." "A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life." Are we making the most of our generous and well selected library? Is a question that should be frequently asked by every man, woman and child in Arlington. We are quite aware that a large number of our townspeople patronize it, but still there is too large a minority who do not go near it. No more commendable work it seems to us could be done by our public schools than that our children be early taught a love for choice reading matter. Much is being done already in this line, but not enough. Why wouldn't it be well that our school committee together with our superintendent of schools appoint for the pupils and teachers what might properly be termed a library half-day, on which the pupils under the direction of their teachers could visit Robbins library, and so somewhat familiarize themselves with the title subject of the books and their arrangement upon the shelves? For the child to come to love books he must be found more or less frequently surrounded by them. A library in the household even unopened is an educator, and then to have its pages unfolded to the children, it becomes to them prophet, priest and king. The future of that boy or girl is forever safe who has a love for good reading matter. But how negligent the parents often become in directing the children's reading! The boys and girls are naturally omnivorous readers, and you may be sure that if we older ones do not advise them, then they will provide themselves with whatever their childish fancy may select in the way of books. Haven't you ever peeped over the shoulders of the young girl or boy as he or she was perusing some book while making his or her way by train or by the electric to Boston? If so, you have not infrequently been half started by the sensational headlines. And yet there is no reason why we should have been startled, for it is altogether natural for the boy unadvised to read all the blood and thunder stories that come within reach, and this desire or love for whatever is tragic is to be admired in him. But it needs to be modified and directed. The thrilling love story which the young girl in her teens reads with so much consuming interest is altogether worthy so far as sentiment and love in themselves are concerned. All the girl needs is the advice and direction of intelligent parents. Youth in its normal condition is always an excess of life, and never, never, should it be suppressed but wisely aided along right lines. Robbins library belongs to all of us, so that we ought not to fail to make a wise and wholehearted appropriation of it. Just go in some evening and read in the Outlook what Jacob Rits, that great lover of his kind, says of himself in so delightful a way. All of the monthly magazines contain a wealth of interesting and instructive reading matter. Do go to Robbins library and see the intellectual feast that there awaits you, and then feed upon it.

We desire to call the especial attention of our readers to the request made in this issue by the Arlington branch of the Massachusetts Volunteer Aid association, in relation to the Governor Wolcott Memorial fund. The object is a most worthy one in which all Arlington will be interested. When a family contributes as a whole, it is desired that each member of the family shall send his and her name.

The late Stephen Symmes has remembered Arlington, his home town, in a delightfully generous way, as will be seen in another column. The hospital for which his will provides, has long been needed. We shall have more to say of the hospital and its donor and founder in our next issue.

This entire country is a mourner at the grave of ex-President Harrison. He was among the first of our statesmen, and his death will be felt by all parties alike.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

The uncertainty of bowling was fully demonstrated Wednesday night when the Boat club, which is at the lower end of the "Swell" league, took three straight games from the Dudley team, which leads all others.

The three strings were above 900, while the visitors fell below by many pins and were 234 pins behind for the evening's total.

Dudley's defeat will act as a great setback to its chances for the championship. For six weeks the team has walked away with at least two of the three games in every match it has rolled, and at the beginning of the week held first place, with a margin of two games over Newton, which ranks second.

This lead, with only two weeks or six games to roll, made Dudley's position almost a sinecure for the championship, but the whitewash that evening complicated matters.

The match, while a walkover in every sense, was made exciting by the changes it brought in the league standing. Arlington is in first place anyway, but rolled as if the championship was to be won by victory.

The home team rolled steadily, plugging along frame after frame, and getting all that was coming in the way of bunched. In the first frame Arlington led at the half, 436 to 404, and won the string, 926 to 873; in the second game Arlington held the half, 488 to 387, and won the string, 914 to 784; in the third game a greater walkover, Arlington increasing a lead of 70 pins at the half to 415 at the last frame.

In the first game Dodge doubled, Puffer had a quad, Whittemore had triple and another bunch of three in the last box. Rogers and Hall tripled, and doubles were scored by Armstrong and Saxe. In the second game Armstrong opened with a quad for Arlington. Whittemore tripled, and doubles were made by Puffer, Homer, Hall, Simson and Saxe. In the last game the bunches were triples by Dodge, Homer and Whittemore, and doubles by Whittemore, Rogers, Hall, Simson and Armstrong.

Every man on Arlington rolled above 300. Whittemore being high with 604. Whittemore had a clean single for 224 and a string with a break in it for 213. Dodge rolled his first two strings clean for 203 and 190, and finished with a three-string total of 584. Marston had a clean single for 223. Simson was Dudley's high man with 153, and there were no clean strings.

The breaks turned were 5, 9, 10 by Whittemore; 5, 7, 10 by Hall; 5, 8, 10, and 6, 8, 10, and Saxe 5, 8, 10. The score:

| Arlington Boat Club. | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------|-----|-----|-----|------|-----|-----|-----|----|--|
| Bowlers. | 1. | 2. | 3. | T's | St. | Sp. | Ms. | B. | |
| Dodge | 203 | 190 | 191 | 584 | 12 | 16 | 1 | 1 | |
| Marston | 146 | 223 | 157 | 526 | 10 | 13 | 3 | 4 | |
| Puffer | 206 | 166 | 129 | 501 | 10 | 13 | 3 | 4 | |
| Homer | 203 | 190 | 191 | 584 | 12 | 16 | 1 | 1 | |
| Whittemore | 213 | 167 | 224 | 604 | 14 | 11 | 3 | 2 | |
| Team tot's | 926 | 914 | 917 | 2757 | 59 | 60 | 16 | 15 | |
| Dudley Club. | | | | | | | | | |
| Rogers | 172 | 145 | 154 | 471 | 8 | 10 | 3 | 9 | |
| Hall | 153 | 177 | 169 | 509 | 12 | 11 | 2 | 5 | |
| Simson | 199 | 129 | 173 | 501 | 10 | 13 | 3 | 4 | |
| Armstrong | 166 | 175 | 164 | 505 | 9 | 14 | 4 | 3 | |
| Saxe | 152 | 161 | 143 | 456 | 4 | 15 | 4 | 7 | |
| Team tot's | 873 | 848 | 802 | 2523 | 45 | 63 | 14 | 28 | |

The Arlington Boat club defeated Medford Tuesday evening in the opening game of the Mystic Valley candlepin league. The summary:

| Arlington Boat Club. | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------|--|--|--|--|--|
| Bowlers. | 1. | 2. | 3. | Totals | | | | | |
| Dodge | 171 | 74 | 89 | 334 | | | | | |
| Bird | 76 | 86 | 76 | 238 | | | | | |
| Grey | 82 | 88 | 86 | 256 | | | | | |
| Whittemore | 87 | 77 | 84 | 248 | | | | | |
| Homer | 82 | 81 | 81 | 244 | | | | | |
| Team totals | 408 | 407 | 416 | 1231 | | | | | |
| Medford. | | | | | | | | | |
| H. R. Teel | 85 | 73 | 77 | 235 | | | | | |
| M. Drake | 85 | 84 | 76 | 245 | | | | | |
| J. Cox | 81 | 76 | 72 | 229 | | | | | |
| R. Drake | 77 | 77 | 83 | 237 | | | | | |
| H. Brown | 65 | 70 | 83 | 218 | | | | | |
| Team totals | 391 | 374 | 383 | 1148 | | | | | |

The time for filing nominations for the annual meeting closed yesterday. Two lists have been posted. The first favored Charles B. Devereaux for president and Walter Storer for secretary. The other four places on the board of directors were not filled. This paper was signed by Messrs. Ernest Hestelime, W. H. Kimball, H. M. Day, Alfred S. Swan, Charles H. Swan, William E. Hutchins and W. H. Butler. The other list was filed Thursday. The choice for president was the same, but the following were nominated to directors: Messrs. Ernest L. Rankin, Charles H. Stevens, Harold N. Willis, James T. Gray and Dr. Charles D. Cobb. This paper was signed by Messrs. H. A. Phinney, Wendell F. Yerrington, George W. Knowlton, John W. Bailey and Frank N. Bott. The nominating committee still has a vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and directors of bowling, bicycling and rowing, to nominate.

Mr. Hestelime leads the pool tournament. He has played four games and won them all.

Thursday night's "swell" league games complicate matters more than ever. Newton took a game from B. A. A., and ascends to first place, where a tie with Dudley exists. Newtowne took two games from 999th, and finds itself next to the two leaders, being separated from them by only one frame.

Dudley and Newton each have won 31 games and lost 20, while Newtowne has won 30 and lost 21. B. A. A. is thought to be the rat of the league, but Newton, which held the lead so long, is now considered to be a formidable opponent to the two leaders. Dudley's position has changed materially for at the beginning of the week the team was practically a certainty of first place. A. B. C.'s spurt of Wednesday night is largely responsible for the change. It is certainly difficult to say who will lead the "bunch" at the close of the season.

The club celebrated its bowling victory over the Dudley club, Wednesday night, in a royal style. The contest was a fire was burned in abundance and a general jollification was held.

ANNUAL CHURCH MEETING.

The Unitarian church and society held their regular annual business meeting on Monday evening, Mr. James P. Parmenter serving as moderator. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Mr. George A. Smith, clerk; Mr. Herman F. Buckman, treasurer; Mr. E. D. Hooker was re-elected a member of the parish committee for three years, the whole board being Dr. E. N. Francis, E. W. H. N. Francis and Mr. Thomas Holway. Mr. W. W. Rawson was re-elected a member of the music committee for three years. The full committee on music has the following membership: Mr. W. W. Rawson, Mr. E. S. Fessenden and Mr. William T. Foster, Jr. The report of the parish committee showed the church and society in good financial condition. The musical committee reported that the choir of last year was under contract for the coming year. It was voted that a new hymn book be adopted. It was voted to increase the insurance on the church building. A committee of ten men were appointed to consider the advisability of making extensive alterations in the vestry room, and to make some necessary changes for the better heating and lighting of the vestry. Five women are to be added to the committee of ten. The following are the male members of the committee: W. W. Rawson, W. E. N. Francis, E. S. Fessenden, Thomas Holway, Harry G. Porter, Charles Devereaux, Henry Pierce, Augustus Phinney, F. W. Hodgdon, A. Livingston.

For Candies, Fruit, Cold Sodas, with pure juices, and a GOOD DINNER Visit Callaghan's Lunch Room ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Arlington Heights.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Park Avenue church met on Tuesday afternoon in the parlors of the church. The work of the society is one of an extended charity. Mrs. Averill is its president.

Tuesday evening the Christian Endeavor society of the Park Avenue church held a sociable in the vestry of the church. There was a good attendance. Mrs. Coolidge, of the Heights, read several selections. The musical part of the evening made a pleasant hour by the piano solo rendered by Miss Westcott, and singing by Miss Tewksbury.

The Hillside Literary union met on Wednesday evening with Miss Tewksbury on Claremont avenue. It was a musical evening. Interesting papers on Verdi and Nevin were read by Wilson Fay, Jr. and Oscar Schmetzer, and a selection from Nevin was rendered by Miss Mann, and a selection from Verdi was rendered by Miss Tewksbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith, of Winchester, former parishioners of Rev. J. G. Taylor, attended the Park Avenue church on Sunday morning.

Mrs. J. N. Colby and her son, George, of East Weymouth, dined with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor on Tuesday and passed the evening with their former pastor and wife. Mr. Colby, the husband, is a wood buyer for the firm of Hecht & Co., Boston.

The Sunshine club held a business meeting on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of John Perry on Florence avenue. During the session Mrs. Stone read an interesting report of the work being done by the Animal Rescue league.

The Sunshine club will meet next Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Jernegan at Mrs. Schenck's on Appleton street. Mrs. Anna Harris Smith, president of the Massachusetts Sunshine club, is expected to be present.

Mrs. I. Schenck returned home on Monday evening from a visit with friends in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Poole, who have been in town during the winter, have returned to their home on Westminster avenue.

George Reed, formerly of the Heights, but now of Stoddard, N. H., is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Daisy Swadkins, Westminster avenue, is giving instruction to a large class of pupils on the piano and organ. In connection with the above item, we may naturally add that Miss Swadkins played the organ accompaniment to the orchestra at the New England Conservatory of Music, on Wednesday evening. Prof. G. W. Chadwick, the director, gave Miss Swadkins, a most complimentary word for her artistic execution.

A business meeting of the sewing circle of the Arlington Heights Baptist church was to have been held at the church on Monday afternoon, but on account of the pouring rain it adjourned to Wednesday afternoon at Mrs. Trethoven's home. Reports of the amounts received from the lecture course and experience party were read and proved satisfactory.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Dickey's class of ten King's Daughters gave a very enjoyable entertainment at the home of Mrs. Dickey. It consisted of a series of piano solos, readings and recitations. Miss Pauline Smith, the talented young pianist, of Somerville, gave several selections, and Miss Mabel Whipple, of Cambridge, gave several readings. Miss Whipple is a charming reader. There was beside the above, much commendable vocal talent which took part. The proceeds are for the benefit of the church.

One of the most delightfully situated homes on the Heights is that of Mr. Harry Wiers, among the pines.

Last Sunday morning, Mr. Bruce of Newton Theological Institute, preached an instructive sermon in the Arlington Heights Baptist church. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Lorimer, took as the subject of his discourse, the Old Testament story of Joseph being sold into bondage for thirty pieces of silver, depicting the extreme anguish of the father at the loss of his loved son. Mr. Lorimer compared the story to the betrayal of God's only begotten Son for thirty pieces of silver, saying that all who neglect the word of God, are traitors who betray the savior of the world. The sermon could not well fail to impress all present. Baptism was administered to three candidates—a mother and her daughter and a young man. After the ordinance a testimony meeting was held. The audience room was filled to overflowing. Extra seats were brought in from the Sunday school room.

"A transcontinental trip by the use of the stereopticon" will be the subject of an interesting illustrated lecture at the Arlington Heights Baptist church, next Thursday evening.

The meeting of the M. M. M. club was not held yesterday, although that was the day of meeting. The club will meet next week, as usual.

The Highland Whist club will meet next Wednesday with Mrs. H. H. Kendall at 33 Claremont avenue. This club plays duplicate whist.

The Sunshine club held its meeting, Wednesday, at the home of Mr. Jordan Perry on Florence avenue. This was the regular monthly business meeting and it was well attended.

ELCRIC CLUB.

Miss Edith Kendall entertained the Elcric club Tuesday evening at her home, 33 Claremont avenue. As usual, the entertainment of the evening was a card party. Sixteen players made up the party. The prizes for the highest scores were awarded to Mr. H. E. Dix, of Somerville, and Mrs. H. H. Kendall both of whom were acting as substitutes. Refreshments were served and an entertainment of music was given informally by several of those present. This is the club's third or fourth season, and it is known as one of the foremost of the young people's clubs at the Heights. The next meeting, a week from next Monday will be at the home of Miss Alice T. Haskell, 71 Claremont avenue.

The Enterprise office is at room 34, Postoffice block, Arlington. Visitors are always welcome.

The Belmont Coal Co. will supply you with the best coal on the market at the lowest possible price. We are putting tons in Arlington with entire satisfaction. Tel. con. C. B. Sydam Manager.

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Wall Paper and Hanging, Room Mouldings, Window Shades and Inside Painting, Picture Framing, Furniture Repairing and Repolishing, General House Work done in first-class manner. Office and Factory, 1033 Mass. avenue, Arlington.

EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS.

Judge Wm. E. Parmenter Receives Congratulations of Friends.

Judge William E. Parmenter passed a pleasant hour on Tuesday evening at his home on Russell street in receiving the congratulations of his friends, the occasion being the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birthday. The judge's native place is Cambridge, where he passed his early youth in the public school to sea and university, subsequently graduating from Harvard college. The judge has been a resident of Arlington for the past half century. Interested in everything which has for its object the interests of Arlington, Mr. Parmenter has naturally taken a prominent part in the public affairs of the town. For many years he was president of the school committee, and a prominent and leading factor in all educational work. We speak from our intimate knowledge of Mr. Parmenter as one understanding the philosophy of our public school system, for it was our privilege to teach for several years under his supervision as a member of the school board. Mr. Parmenter has always been a believer in and a defender of our free public school system, and we do not overstate the fact that the present excellent condition of the public schools of Arlington owes more to Judge Parmenter than to any other one man. Mr. Parmenter has always shown himself an advanced and progressive philosopher of education. Intellectually he has always wrought in a logical way. Rightfully he may be regarded as the father of the public schools in Arlington. Judge Parmenter's chief work, however, has been in the municipal court. In his chosen profession he has given the most intelligent and constant hard work. In March, 1871, he was appointed special justice in the municipal court, and in 1883 he was appointed chief justice of the municipal court, which position he still holds. Judge Parmenter is quick to see and understand the most intricate points of law, and he readily admits and weighs all evidence. He presides in court with all that grace and ease so characteristic of the man.

Judge Parmenter has drawn about himself in his professional and public life a host of friends. As a citizen and neighbor he has the respect and love of all Arlington. The many friends who congratulated him on Wednesday evening on his eighty-fifth years of life, bade him "good-night" wishing many birthday anniversaries before him. In spite of his four-score years and five, the judge makes his way day to day to Boston, where he presides in court with all the interest and vigor of many a man his junior.

Long live Judge Parmenter in the wish and prayer of everybody in Arlington.

FIRST OF A SERIES.

Rev. Frederick Gill preached last Sunday morning at the First Parish (Unitarian) church, the first of a series of sermons on "The Soul." He said that it is foolish and futile to attempt to limit evolution to the body only, and to make of the soul a special creation. The human soul, like the body, was brought into being by slow processes of evolution from lower forms of animal life. Beginning on the plane of the animal, it has, however, passed far beyond the highest possibilities of the animals. The main portion of the sermon was given to a statement of the nature of the soul as shown in its attainments and possibilities. It rises to a consciousness of communion with God and an immortal destiny. The second sermon of the series, on the special topic of "The Origin of Our Individual Souls," will be given tomorrow morning. All are cordially invited to hear these sermons.

WALCOTT MEMORIAL FUND.

The Arlington Volunteer Aid association is desirous of receiving contributions for the Governor Walcott Memorial fund. All contributions sent to Mrs. Emma L. Sprague, treasurer, 844 Massachusetts avenue, with full name and address, will be forwarded to the general committee, and receipts will be returned for the same.

ALMOST A FLOOD.

The heavy rains, Monday, caused considerable temporary inconvenience to pedestrians and also to those who were fortunate enough to be able to remain indoors. Numerous cellars were flooded, and in some cases furnace fires were extinguished.

Two catch basins between the post-office block and the depot became clogged up with the result that a miniature lake formed, and the water poured into the street. The block between the post-office and the depot was flooded and the fires which heat the whole block were extinguished for several hours.

On Massachusetts avenue toward Lexington, the street was flooded in places and at some points the street car tracks were entirely covered for long stretches, making it necessary in the evening for the motor-men to feel their way along slowly to avoid accidents.

HARVARD AND YALE.

A large and enthusiastic audience was at the new Symphony hall in Boston, Wednesday evening, to hear the concert given by the Harvard and Yale glee, banjo and mandolin clubs. Everyone was delighted and it was hard to tell which did the better work. It had been announced that no encores would be allowed on account of the length of the program, but the demand for more could not be resisted and both clubs were several times recalled. The "wailing" of Mr. Read, of Yale, was a very taking feature, while the "Pas des Fleurs" by the Harvard mandolin club, was an exceptionally fine performance. Arlington was represented by Dr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Muller, Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Bushnell and others.

Charles S. Parker has lived long enough to have had his son associated with him now for half a dozen years in the publication of the Arlington Advocate, and yet he seems changed in no respect from the busy days more than a quarter of a century ago. In his present successful newspaper was an infant. No man better exemplifies the preservative power of hard work combined with clean living. How few of the criticisms which fall upon all daily newspapers because of the sins of a few touch the sound, newsy, neighborly suburban papers like the Arlington Advocate, in which Massachusetts is so rich. [Boston Journal.]

DEATHS.

SYMME—At his late home, 52 Old Mystic street, March 11, Stephen Symmes, 84 years, months.

KIRKLAND—In Cambridge, March 13, Maria L. Kirkland, 56 years. Funeral from her late home, Clarke street, Lexington, Saturday, March 16, at 2:30 p.m. Carriages at station on arrival of 1:47 train from Boston.

J. H. HARTWELL & SON, Undertakers and Embalmers.

First Class Dinners, 50c Lexington and Lowell Cars Pass the Door.

Big Reduction in Canned Goods.

Hatchet Brand Blackberries, 10c, 3 for 25c
Hatchet Brand Raspberries, 13c, 2 for 25c
Gold Dust Brand Apricots, 20c, 2 for 35c
Gold Dust Brand Peaches, 20c per can
Gold Dust Brand Plums, 13c, 2 for 25c
Gold Dust Brand Bartlett Pears, 20c, 2 for 25c
A Nice Canned Cherry, 13c, 2 for 25c
Gal. Apples, 22c per can

C. H. STONE & SON, Mass. Ave., Arlington Hgts. Telephone 131-4.

JAS. A. McWILLIAMS, House, Sign and Fresco PAINTER.

All orders left with F. R. Daniels will be promptly attended to.

PAPERING & TINTING Residence

AN OFFICE BOY'S RISE.

Enviably Record of New President of the Burlington Railroad.

George B. Harris, the new head of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, has risen from office boy to president of one of the largest independent railway systems in the world. As chief executive of the "Q" road he controls 8,064 miles of line. He succeeds Charles Elliot Perkins, who has been president of the road for 20 years.

Mr. Harris was born in 1848 in Brookline, Mass. After spending his early boyhood in Vermont he went with his parents to Hannibal, Mo., when he was 16 years old. That same year he went to work as office boy for the Hannibal and St. Joseph road, now a part of the Burlington system. His advancement to the position of clerk, treasurer and paymaster of the road was rapid.

He left the paymaster's position to take service under his father, George S.



GEORGE B. HARRIS.

Harris, then land commissioner for the Burlington and Missouri River, now also a part of the Burlington system. He served that road in several capacities and had much to do with looking after the right of way. Later he became purchasing agent, with headquarters at Omaha.

Leaving the Burlington, Mr. Harris became superintendent of the Atchison and Nebraska, with headquarters at Atchison. The Burlington and Missouri River again obtained his services, and he was successively assistant general freight agent and general freight agent for that road, with headquarters in Denver. In 1882 he became purchasing agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which position he left to become a salesman for the iron firm of John B. Ayer's Sons.

In 1883 Mr. Harris was once more identified with the Santa Fe system. That year A. E. Touzalin and H. B. B. left the Burlington to become respectively president and vice president of the Santa Fe. Mr. Harris went with them. In the interests of the Santa Fe he carried on difficult negotiations with the Mexican government regarding the Sonora road, which was then owned by the Santa Fe. Having completed that work, he went to Topeka as assistant to General Manager A. A. Robinson of the Santa Fe.

For two months, October and November, 1885, he was assistant to the president of the Chicago, Burlington and Northern road and in November became vice president and general manager of that railroad. It was sold to the Burlington, and in 1890 Mr. Harris became second vice president of that road.

Mr. Harris is noted as a hard worker, for which he is physically fitted. He is a man of powerful build and wears his 53 years well.

TO LIONIZE A HEROINE.

New York's Smart Set Prepares to Welcome Lady Sarah Wilson.

New York society is preparing to lionize Lady Sarah Wilson, the heroine of Mafeking, whose visit to this country has at last been arranged. Her adventures in the earlier part of the South African war were fully told by the cable dispatches, and New York's smart set, with whom she was already popular, at once became doubly anxious to pay tribute to the woman who escaped from besieged



LADY SARAH WILSON.

Mafeking and rode, accompanied only by a maid and a small escort, 200 miles across country to meet her husband.

Throughout the long siege Lady Sarah held daily court in her bombproof "dug-out" and by her cool and undaunted vivacity was a most potent factor in keeping up the spirits of Baden-Powell's hard pressed garrison.

Lady Sarah's sisters are the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Tweedmouth, Lady Wimborne, Lady de Ramsey and Lady Curzon, while the late Lord Randolph Churchill was her brother. The present Duke of Marlborough is her nephew.

OPPOSED TO BALL VALVES.

An Old Detective Tells How One of Them Figured in an Escape.

"I never had but one prisoner escape from me," said an old railroad detective, "and that was under very peculiar circumstances. In 1882, when I was working for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, I captured a fellow named Jim Lake, who was wanted for robbing freight cars. I got him near Trinidad, Colo., and after securing the requisition papers started east with him for Kansas City. Lake was a little, consumptive chap, as frail as a woman, and I didn't consider it necessary to even put the handcuffs on him. With one twist I could have broken him in two. Besides, I didn't care to cause him needless humiliation by exhibiting him before the other passengers in the role of a prisoner, so we simply sat side by side, like two fellow tourists, and nobody in the cars had any idea he was under arrest.

"Naturally we did a good deal of talking, and at about dusk of the first evening out Lake turned the conversation to curious mechanical contrivances and described several remarkable machines he had seen. He had been a skilled engineer earlier in life, and, being a good talker, soon got me deeply interested. Among other things he told me about an airpump with a singular ball valve. 'The ball lies in a socket,' he said, 'and the greater the air pressure behind it the tighter it sticks.' To illustrate, he twisted an old envelope into a cone and dropped a paper wad into the mouth. 'Now, when I blow,' he continued, 'you'll see that the wad stays right where it is.' Like a fool, I stared at the thing, and he blew violently into the little end. At the same instant I felt as if a raging furnace had suddenly belched its flames right into my face. I couldn't see, I couldn't breathe; for a moment or two I couldn't even move. My throat and nostrils were on fire and I felt sure my eyes had been burned literally out of their sockets.

"What had happened was simply this: The envelope was full of red pepper and I had received the charge, point blank, at about a six inch range. While I was gasping the scoundrel ran to the other end of the car. 'My friend has a fit!' he shouted. 'I'm going after water.' Of course, he jumped off, and that was the last of him. He was never caught. One day shortly after a man tried to sell me a lawn sprinkler. 'It has a patent ball valve,' he said. 'I don't want it,' I replied."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TIPPING IN GERMANY.

Curious Readiness of the People to Give Small Fees.

The question of giving gratuities to waiters and servants is as much a vexed one in this country as it is on your side of the channel. Even your manservant or maid expects in Germany a "tip" from your guests after they have dined or lunched with you, and it constantly happens that on engaging a servant you are asked: "How about tips? Can I expect much from this source, and may I keep all I get, or have I to share the tips with other servants?" I have even known mistresses hold out as an inducement to servants the fact that they entertain a good deal, whereby the wages are considerably supplemented by gratuities from guests.

One very curious feature about German everyday life is the readiness of people to give a "trinkgeld," the equivalent of the French "pourboire," under which name the donation is more familiar to English ears. The feature is curious, because the Teuton is by nature thrifty, and many of them are more close than thrifty. And yet the same person who will expect a hard working teacher of languages to give lessons at from sixpence to 1 shilling an hour will often be seen to bestow a groschen on the shop assistant who has brought a parcel to his house or a halfpenny on the tramway conductor for handing him his penny ticket. The postal officials who pay the money orders and bring the money to your house are entitled to charge a halfpenny for doing so, but look very sour if you do not add another halfpenny of your own accord. Small "tips" all around are de rigueur in German daily life.

It is always understood that the porter and the boots at a hotel may expect a gratuity from the guests. Now, the porter does little more for you than hand you your key and take off his hat to you as you enter and leave your hostelry, and in small towns he summons the boots at your departure by vigorously ringing the bell, and for these amenities he is rewarded in a sort of geometrical progression. The boots really does render services; he blacks your boots and brushes your clothes and is ready to assist you to pack and sits on your portmanteau for you if need be when you want to lock it. Notwithstanding this it often happens that the comes off second or third best in the way of rewards.—Chicago Post.

Fishing For an Object.

"After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for 40 minutes without pulling up his hook," said the traveler, "I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught."

"No, sah, I reckon not," he replied.

"But you seem to be fishing."

"Yes, sah."

"But perhaps you are not fishing for fish."

"No, sah."

"I waited ten minutes for him to explain, but as he did not I finally asked him what particular object he had in view."

"De obijck, sah," he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole; "de obijck of my fishin fur fish whar dere hain't any is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch."

—Washington Post.

The Soft Hat.

Louis Kosuth introduced the soft hat into America. He came here in exile wearing one with a black ostrich feather trimmed jauntily on the side, and we immediately adopted it, minus the plume. It became the fashionable head covering and has remained so ever since in the southern and western states. The army campaign hat and the Rough Rider hat had their origin in a Tyrolean hat that was brought here by some American traveler. The Alpine hat comes, as its name suggests, from the country of the Alps and is purely Tyrolean.—New York Press.

The most ancient glass had exactly the same component parts as that of today, and the processes used seem to have been similar in all times.

It is true that money talks, but when it is allowed to do all the talking it gets to be a dreadful bore.—Life.

FINISHED THE BEAR.

A MEAL THAT WAS A LITTLE BIT TOO HOT FOR HEALTH.

An Engineer's Narrative of His Lively Adventure With a Certain Mrs. Bruin in the Early Railroad Days in Pennsylvania.

The fat engineer had been trying to make himself heard for some time and finally succeeded in getting the attention of the members of the roundhouse stove committee.

"Yes, yes," he said, "Pennsylvania used to be a wild state in the days when I did my first throttle pulling on the Royal Blue line, and many were the hair-raising experiences we had. Bears? Why, they were thicker than dead flies on sticky fly paper. They were a little shy when the road first went through, but after the novelty wore off they got so they enjoyed a ride on a freight train as much as any hobo living, and it was no uncommon sight to see a bear sitting on the edge of a box car, letting his legs dangle over the edge, just like a real brakeman. Yes, yes. That's a fact."

"In about the wildest part of the country we ran through there was a passing siding which was called Haskin's Switch. This was a regular hanging out place for the bears. One day an old female bear was giving her cub a boost to get him up on a flat car for a little outing when he slipped and fell under the cruel wheels, his young life being crushed out instantly. The old mother bear took it real hard and did some ugly growling as she passed by the engine."

"The incident faded from my mind very soon. A couple of days after that we came along to Haskin's and had to take the siding for a passenger train. The boys of the crew and my fireman thought they would go up in the woods about a quarter of a mile and get some good spring water, as we had a few minutes to wait before the first class train came along. They left me all alone with the train."

"The running gear of the engine on the left hand side, forward under the boiler, had been working badly, so I thought I'd look things over. I took my long necked oil can and, lighting my torch, got off the engine and went forward to look over the troublesome gear. I found that a link hanger needed attention, necessitating my getting down flat on my belly under the engine with legs projecting over the rails. I had been at work in this position for some minutes when I felt a strong tugging at my left trouser leg."

"It's the boys back from the spring," I thought to myself, "and they're trying to get gay with me. I'll just pay no attention to them whatever."

"I kept right on at my chore, but the boys kept right on fooling with my legs. Finally my temper got the better of me and I shouted angrily:

"Harry, by jinninety, if that's you, I'll come out there and kick you so hard that you won't be able to sit down for a week." Harry was my fireman's name.

"The only answer I got was a low growl. I'll admit that I got frightened, although such a thing is unusual with me. Nevertheless having finished my work, I began to back out from under the engine, keeping my torch and oil can in my hands."

"Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather, for when I got out so's I could see, the first thing my eyes lit on was that old she bear, sitting on her haunches waiting for me to come out. She was ugly, too, and growling. The look on her face seemed to say: 'You are the cause of the death of my offspring. If you'd been more careful, it wouldn't have happened. I'm here to settle with you.'"

"When I got out, she made several movements toward me, but I kept her at a comfortable distance by waving my torch in her face. She was getting bolder all the while, however, and I knew I would have to devise some scheme to get on the engine, as I didn't want to try an argument in close quarters with her, because a bear in as ugly a mood as she was is not a thing to be sneezed at."

"So I set my wits to work. Glancing around I saw that I was nearer to the pilot of the engine than I was to the step on the side of the tank, and if I could reach the pilot before the bear did I could get to the cab via the running board along the side of the boiler and laugh at Mrs. Bear."

"I decided to try for it, and, making a feint lunge at my animal friend with the torch to get her farther from me, I dusted for the pilot. I reached it before she did, but just as I was drawing my leg up the bear grabbed it with both her fore paws. I tried to break away from her hold, but it was useless. Turning, I saw her jaws wide open within easy reach of my arm, and something superhuman seemed to tell me what to do. I stuck the torch in her wide open mouth. With the other hand I brought my oil can into play and poured the coal oil from the can on the lighted torch in the bear's wide open mouth. The effect was very disastrous for the bear. The inflammable oil took fire going down her throat, and, exploding, almost blew her head off, killing her instantly."

"The boys got back shortly after that, but they wouldn't believe my story until I showed them the bear's carcass."—New York Sun.

Phillips Brooks as a Nurse.

Dr. Brooks was calling on some of his poorer parishioners one day and found one woman looking very tired and miserable, with several little children and one small baby under her care. He told her she ought to go out and take a walk with the older children, the day being a beautiful one. She replied that she had no one with whom she could leave the baby. "Leave it with me," answered Dr. Brooks. And he remained with the baby until the woman returned, brighter and better for the breath of fresh air she had obtained.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sarcastic.

Wife (reading)—Another mysterious suicide. Unknown man throws himself from a cliff.

Husband (thoughtlessly)—Bet his wife was at the bottom of it.

Wife—Charles!

Husband (hurriedly)—Of the cliff, my love, not the suicide.—Collier's Weekly.

Grim, but Precise.

"Is your father going to be back soon?" asked the stranger.

"I dunno," answered the small boy in leather clothes, who stood at the door of a crimson guck dwelling. "Pap has a purty good hoss, but so has some of the folks on the vigilance committee. I reckon I'd figger on pap's getting home in about 20 minutes or never."—Washington Star.

THE BACHELOR IN THE WOOD.

Beauty I trod, who trod in bridal woods
A midnight galaxy of violets,
A milky way of flushed spring beauties, starred
With pleads of all golden adder tongue;
How could that blossomed fire be else than this?
The height of a woman's ankle in the wood?

Fusion I breathed, who found all air a harp
To passionate brows of thrushes shaken and thrilled,
The pauses in that magic minstrelsy
Filled with a music's echo of cardinals;
How could that warbled fire be else than this?
The height of a woman's lips within the wood?

But love, but love, how shall I find it here,
Oh, April, Aphrodite, here alone?
These send the bees to find their sister flowers,
These sing unto their mates; but, love, my love,
Is it where the hawk hangs on the moving cloud,
The height of a woman's heart above the wood?

—Joseph Russell Taylor in Atlantic.

HE SHAVED GENERAL MILES.

It Was Bill's First Appearance in the Role of Barber.

During the autumn of 1896 Major General Miles and a party of Washington friends arranged for a bear hunt in the mountains of New Mexico. They arrived at Magdalena in a special car and were met at the station by Captain Slocum with Troop E of the Seventh United States cavalry, detailed to act as escort to the party. Proceeding at once to the Hoffman ranch, about 50 miles westward, they pitched camp and next day started in to hunt bears.

Shortly after they left Magdalena a ranchman rode into town with the startling intelligence that he had met Bill Parks, an old resident, out on the mountains. Bill told him that he had shot and killed a prominent citizen of Magdalena and was trying to elude a posse sent in pursuit of him; also that the town had been visited by a lot of little men who overturned all the buildings. As the man reported killed was alive and the buildings were still on solid foundations, the conclusion reached was that Bill had gone "locoed." A party of friends was soon organized and on Bill's trail. On the second day's hunt his hiding place was discovered. He protested against returning to Magdalena, fearing a lynching, as the man he imagined he had killed was very popular. However, after a long parley and with the assurance that he would be protected, he consented to return.

The posse and Bill reached Magdalena four days prior to the return of the bear hunters. Bill was confined in a room for two days, and, having greatly improved, was then liberated. The day following his release Bill walked into the Eclipse saloon, and in a corner saw an old, unused barber chair. Remarking that he knew a thing or two about "barbering," he begged the proprietor to give him the chair and allow him to begin business as a barber. The saloon keeper, wishing to humor him and feeling satisfied that no one would risk his neck in Bill's care, gave his consent. Bill fixed up the old chair, sharpened a few rusty razors, secured a towel or two and was ready for the rush to begin. The rush came not, but Bill kept on waiting and was presently rewarded.

General Miles and his party returned from what had been a successful bear hunt and took up their quarters in the special car. The general, being very much in need of a shave, inquired of a loiterer if there was a barber shop in town. The loiterer, who was a wag, pointed out Bill's place, whereupon the general remarked that he would go there in a few minutes. The news spread quickly over town that Bill was going to shave the famous General Miles. Bill selected his razor, got out a clean towel and awaited the arrival. It was evident to onlookers that he was growing nervous. When the general arrived at the saloon, standing room was at a premium. With some difficulty he managed to reach the chair, where Bill awaited him with a courtly bow. When the operation began, there was a full house. Those not close enough to see the performance were rewarded by hearing the scrape, scrape of the dull razor as it was drawn across the victim's face. General Miles took his medicine without a murmur and bravely closed his eyes. This encouraged Bill, who thought the razor was working so smoothly that his customer had gone to sleep. He regained his nerve and at the end of ten minutes the ordeal was at an end. The general, looking much relieved, handed Bill a quarter and departed. Bill's face beamed with pride while congratulations poured in from all sides.

The next morning Bill put up this sign over his mirror, "General shaving, 25 cents." Bill's fame soon spread throughout the surrounding country and his chair was besieged by customers who wanted to be shaved by the man who shaved General Miles.—New York Sun.

Paid in His Own Coin.

An English paper, Modern Society, is responsible for this bit of "Washington gossip": "A good story is told of an attaché of the Belgian legation who rather resented being sent to Washington after a diplomatic experience in London and who superciliously announced on arriving there that he would speak only French, as he did not wish, having learned his English in London, to corrupt it in America. At a reception a deep impression was made upon him by a lovely girl, and he at once asked to be presented. To a friend who made known his request the young woman replied: 'Quite impossible. I learned my French in Paris, and I cannot corrupt it by talking with a Belgian.'"

He Had Time.

When Bishop Brooks was once told by his private secretary that his episcopal duties left him no time for himself, he said, "I have plenty of time to myself."

"When and where?" asked the secretary.

"In the railroad cars," answered the bishop.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Seamen's Bethel.

"Did you go to preaching this morning, Jack?"

"Aye, sir, but when I heard the land-lubber who was preachin say 'Ye can't serve on a two master' I got up an kem out. What does he know about ships?" —Chicago Tribune.

A Princely Reward.

"Boy," said the wealthy man, beaming with gratitude, "you have done me a great service, and I am going to reward you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," gasped the small boy.

"Here in this small case," continued the millionaire, "is the first dollar I ever made. You may look at it. And here a recent copy of The Claptrap Magazine which contains my article telling how made it. Read it, and may heaven bless you."—Catholic Standard and Times.

HERDERS OF THE WEST.

How the Riotous Cowboy Compares With the Lonely Sheep Herder.

"In the character of the men who care for the herds and flocks can be found an interesting subject for study," says Captain J. H. McClintock in Ainslie's. "The cowboy, if he be the genuine article, is a man who daily does feats on the range that would win applause at a wild west show. In his chase after the fleet, unbranded yearling he is compelled to ride at headlong speed over country that a fox hunter would consider sure death. Danger confronts him in varied form, and no man can be an efficient cow puncher who hasn't in him the spirit of recklessness."

"The writer once witnessed a stampede of wild cattle at midnight. A great herd was being held in a canyon of the Mazaratzal mountains. The night was as dark as it is possible for night to be. A coyote's bark started the nervous animals to their feet, and they were off. The two riding guards on watch howled for help. Their sleeping comrades were up in a twinkling. Each seized a horse at the picket line and mounted without saddle, stopping only to twist a loop of his riata about the pony's nose. Barely a dozen seconds had passed before the campfire was deserted. The cowboys were plunging in the dark after the fleeing cattle, through a wild, rocky, unknown district filled with mesquite and cactus, cut up by dangerous arroyos and canyons. By noon of the succeeding day the drive was resumed. A half dozen steers had been left behind, lamed or dead in the gulches, while a few of the horses in the 'wrangler's bunch' in the lead were skinned and limping. But the cowboys, their clothing in rags from the thorny midnight ride, merely joked on their mutual appearance and soled their weariness with tobacco and with endless song."

"As a rule the cowboy is an American. In the plateau region he may hail from anywhere, but usually comes either from California or from Texas. But they all fraternize, making issue only over the liking of the Californian for a saddle with a 'single barreled rig,' which is a saddle with a single girth. The Texan despises anything but a double cinched saddle, though usually he does not tighten the second girth."

"The sheep herder has a distinctly lower social place. As a rule, he is a foreigner, the few Americans employed being in positions of unusual trust. Most of the herders appear to be Mexicans or Frenchmen. It is said that Basques are the best and most careful shepherds. They come from northern Spain, many of them especially for this employment. Their wages are not bad, being usually even higher than the pay of cowboys or farmhands, but the nervous American cannot stand the life. The everlasting 'baa' drives him mad. He cannot endure the monotony and the necessary separation from humanity, with only a dog for company for months at a stretch. And the diet, mainly tea and mutton, is too simple for his luxurious palate."

"It is a fact that sheep herding furnishes a greater number of inmates for western insane asylums than does any other occupation. The shepherd, like the cowboy, is gradually assimilated to his surroundings and naturally acquires much of the nature of his charges. To his credit it must be said that he is rarely unfaithful to the interests of his flock and its owner. There is nothing poetical about him, but he will risk his life for the safety of a lamb and will doggedly search all night if there be a stray. He is a much quieter fellow than the cowboy, even in his cups, when the wool has been clipped and the hands are in town for a little fling. He has no wild yearning for idly shooting holes in the firmament. He is happiest on a sunny hillside, lying at ease where he may overlook his flock and hear the ceaseless crooning of his lamentation."

Authorship by Proxy.

There is an amusing story of a woman of title who found it difficult to understand journalistic methods when she first encountered them. The sister of a well known and eccentric Scotch peer was traveling in Japan and the far east when she received a cablegram from a great metropolitan daily, "Would you accept £— for series travel articles?" The lady was pleased and replied by cable that she would "send copy" in a fortnight. She was, therefore, annoyed when the paper withdrew from its offer, calling to her "No need to send copy."

Dignified silence seemed the only way to treat such unbusinesslike methods. Many weeks later, returning, she found a parcel of newspapers and read with some astonishment several spirited and gossipy articles on the far east written, it was announced, by herself. Had not a letter inclosing a handsome check accompanied the parcel there might have been a considerable row. As it is, the lady accepts gracefully the compliments of friends upon her literary style.—Saturday Evening Post.

Clever Girl.

The critical minute had come. He knelt on the carpet.

"Darling," he whispered, "will you be my wife?"

Just then a deep voice from a corner answered, "Yes, yes, yes, yes!" a dozen times.

"What does that mean?" gasped the astonished suitor.

"It means," replied the fair girl, "that papa forbade me answering in the affirmative when you proposed. However, this did not deter me from employing a phonograph to take my place."—London Answers.

Lacking in Experience.

"I don't see why there is all this opposition to women voting," said a beardless young fellow from his vantage ground beside the Lyceum, watching the women going into the equal suffrage meeting.

"It just means that a man has two votes instead of one—his own and his wife's," concluded the youthful sage.

"Young man," questioned a gray veteran Benedict, "are you married?"

"No, no; I'm not married."

"Well, then, you don't know anything about it. It means that the women will have two votes and the men won't have any vote at all."—Memphis Scimitar.

When Genius Gets a Show.

"All great works are written by famous men between the ages of 40 and 60."

"Yes. By that time their children are big enough to play out of doors."—Chicago Record.

It Goes on Forever.

"An Indiana man is making a study of perpetual motion."

"What does he model it on?"

"His wife's tongue."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PAN-AMERICAN WOMEN.

The contributions of women to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo will not be made a separate exhibit. They will be shown side by side with those of men. Neither will they consist of exhibits of china painting, embroidery and patchwork. They will show the work of women as exemplified in clubs in many lines of industry not peculiarly domestic in art, science, literature and in education.

The scheme of this broad policy is in the main due to the active, wide awake secretary of the board of women managers, Miss Marian De Forest. Miss De Forest is a Buffalo newspaper woman. She was born and educated in Buffalo and was graduated from the Buffalo seminary, winning the gold medal for highest



MISS MARIAN DE FOREST.

scholarship in her class. She has been for several years engaged in active newspaper work, first on the Buffalo News and then on the Buffalo Commercial, with which she is now connected.

Miss De Forest is a member of the Graduates' association, the alumnae association of the Buffalo seminary, which is one of the largest women's clubs in the city of Buffalo. She has been recording secretary and corresponding secretary of that association. She is also one of the charter members of the Scribblers, a club made up of the woman writers of Buffalo, and has been treasurer of the Scribblers since the organization of the club. Miss De Forest has taken hold of the duties attaching to her important office with energy and tact.

His Noble Connection.

Cholly—Yaas, Lork Brokeleigh is my bwothah-in-law.

Jasper—Nonsense! You mean Lord Brokeleigh, who married Miss Gotrox?

Cholly—Yaas. You see, she promised to be a sistah to me before she married him.—Catholic Standard and Times.

LOOKING OUT FOR THE "CHILLUNS."

The Old Negro Declared His Authority on the Battlefield.

"There were four of us boys," Major Pelham said, "and we left home together to save the Confederacy. Our mother had the proper things, as she thought, packed for us, and also sent along a faithful old negro, who had been prominent in our bringing up, to take care of us in the army and 'wait on us.' The last words she said to him at the lawn gate were:

"Now, take good care of my boys, Tom, and Tom was as certain that he would be successful in carrying out her repeated injunctions as he ever had been in former years that he would bring us home safe from a possum hunt."

"Don't yo' nevah be oneasy 'bout dat, Mis' Sue. I gwinter bring dese heah youngsters back safe en soun, en dey gwinter have de best dey is in de lan'."

"Much sooner than we expected we got into battle, and it was a decidedly sharp affair."

"After the brush was over, up came old Tom, ashly, but determined. His clothing was torn and he was loaded down with our belongings. Nearly breathless with fright, fatigue and indignation, he exclaimed:

"'Looker heah, Marse Peter, I want yo' to come right away from heah wid me! I done promise yo'r ma dat I gwinter tek good keer er yo' all boys. But how is I gwinter do it 'mongst all dis yarr foolishness? Dem Yanks—eva one er 'em—ben shootin aroun heah en right straight at yo' all, till hif's jes' plattedy monstons! En how I gwinter tek keer er yo' all? I gwinter tek yo' right straight home! Dat what I is.'"

"I told the old man he was foolish; that we couldn't go home. We had come out to fight, and must stay. But all my explanation and remonstrance were lost on him. He persisted that we would bundle us out of that anyhow."

"Yo' stan right whar yo' is till I git de yuthers. I know whar Marse Charles is, en I gwinter fine Marse Bob en Joe, en yo' gwine right back to yo'r ma, kase I done promise her, en dis ain't no place to tek keer er a pasel er chillun. Stan whar yo' is now."

"I finally gave the old fellow to understand that I wouldn't go with him, and he was going home to tell mother."

"I see gwinter tell yo'r ma," he said, "dat yo' is turned right ergin me, en won't mine a word I says, en I boun yo' se gwinter stan arter yo' en fotch yo' back outen dis foolishin en scrimagin'."

"At that moment a sharp fire came rattling from the left front, and old Tom struck off toward the right rear, screaming as he went:

"I see gwinter tell yo' chilluns' ma 'bout bow yo' actin'."

"And I never saw him again until the war was over."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Hair Cutter, Sure.

Teacher—Which one of you can tell me who Delilah was?

Johnny Jones—I kin, mum.

"Well done, Johnny. Now, who was Delilah?"

"A female barber, mum."—Ohio State Journal.

The Largest Spider.

Ceylon is the home of the largest spider in the world. This web spinning monster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island and places his net, measuring from five feet to ten feet in diameter, across the chasms and fissures in rocks.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

THEY ARE SUCCESSFUL IF THE PROPER COURSE IS TAKEN.

Miss Holly Points Out the Road—Men Are Considerate and Appreciative as a Rule—Mistakes Women Make About Their Work.

In one of the New York publishing houses there is a young woman who should deliver lectures upon "How to Be Happy, Though Self Supporting." She contradicts all the ravens who croak over the working girl's woes and the stenographer's handicap. She would drive a woman's suffrage convention to tonics and self distrust. She is so satisfied with life and work that the air is clear of pessimism for a radius of 50 feet around her, and the microbe of feminine discontent can't exist in the same room with her.

Having stumbled upon that rare bird, a woman with no grievance, no secret sorrow, no grudge against her brother man, a reporter promptly interviewed her.

"Were you born so?" asked the reporter gravely.

Miss Holly laughed. She usually does laugh. She can't help it. It isn't an irritating giggle; it's a gay little laugh of the escape valve variety.

"I was born happy. I achieved happiness. I had happiness thrust upon me."

The reporter shook his head pityingly. Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.

"Why shouldn't a girl be happy when she is well and has a chance to work and opportunities for success are lying around loose?" Evidently she was mad—quite mad.

"But things are so hard for women," said the reporter. "Men hold them down. They have no rights. They are underpaid and overworked and insulted and—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the happy woman. "There may have been a time when women didn't have a chance. She's way past that now. If a girl doesn't succeed today, it's her own fault. It isn't easy for her to make a large fortune, but there's nothing to prevent her from winning a responsible position and a good salary."

"As for the men—well, there are disagreeable men, I suppose, but I believe that the average man gives a girl a perfectly fair show and likes to see her succeed if he finds she is reliable and earnest. If a woman demands the privileges of her sex as well as its rights, she must expect to take its disadvantages too. If she makes her employer think of her as a woman before he thinks of her as a valuable piece of business machinery, she is courting trouble."

"I would infinitely rather work for men than for women. I have found the men fair, considerate and appreciative, and the most competent working women I know say the same thing. The class of stenographers and other working girls who have hair raising experiences is the class that doesn't inspire respect either for quality of work or personality."

"After all, it all comes back to the personal equation. I have studied the girls who fail, who drudge and complain, and I find that there is invariably good reason in their own character for their lack of success. No girl who is a really good stenographer sticks at that work long. She has a thousand opportunities of making herself valuable, of learning the business and her employer's ideas and needs. Stenography is only a stepping stone for her."

"An opportunity comes for her to attempt something beyond her regular work. She is ready for it. She knows the ins and outs of things. She broadens her field as much as possible, regardless of the hard work. When a man finds that a woman has a keen interest in the business, isn't afraid of work, is to be depended upon in emergencies, he is practically sure to advance her, and she can rise as high as it is possible for a woman to rise in that line."

"The trouble with most girls is that they don't love their work. It bores them. They do it only in order to earn so much a week, and they look upon it merely as a makeshift to bridge over the time until they marry. Now, what sort of attitude is that and what sort of work will it produce? That kind of thing makes me wild. I've worked in offices where all the girls spent the last hour or two of the day watching the clock and dawdling. They were always saying:

"Oh, I'm so glad it's nearly 6! I'm tired to death!"

"They moaned and groaned all day. I would have liked to bundle them out of the window. If a girl wants to be a slushy stenographer or clerk on a small salary all her days, that's the way to go at it. If work is worth doing at all, one can find interest in it, and the days were never long enough for all I wanted to crowd into them."

"I didn't like stenography, but there was so much all around me to be learned, and I tore through my regular work in order to have time to learn those other things. Nine-tenths of the girls who take shorthand are like automatons and never have the faintest idea of the meaning of the sentences they are writing. They will write the same word or phrase every day for a year and never have the curiosity to find out what it means."

"A big share of them haven't intelligence enough to understand the meaning if it were explained to them. Then they complain that they don't get on. I'm not running down my sex. No, indeed! I'm saying that no intelligent girl need fail and that critics make the mistake of judging feminine work and possibilities by a class of women who don't deserve to mount."

"When I had to go to work, I was a horrid little snob. I remember I refused to meet two girls once at a party because they were stenographers. Disgusting, wasn't it? I soon found that plenty of girls better educated and quite as well born as I were in the field before me. Goodness, what a revelation an introduction into the working world is to a woman and how it upsets her neat map of life and society! I studied at the Young Women's Christian association, and I'd like to go on record as owing more than I can ever pay to that institution."

"You see womankind is burdened with false traditions and theories. We don't start fair, so far as our point of view is concerned. It will be a good many years before we do start fair, and woman suffrage and women's clubs won't be the things to bring around the millennium. The healthy, rational working woman who makes herself a power in business will set the standards."—New York Sun.

A Royal Celibate.

She was in fact, in spite of her efforts to be human, a born celibate. She loved England, but she loved herself more, so not even for England could she take a step which was so invincibly repugnant to her. The story of her suitors is full of coarse humor, and it casts many side lights on her character. Her preposterous sentimentality for Sir Christopher Hatton, who endeared himself to her by his dancing, survived many arguments on the part of her friends and many assaults upon his influence by jealous and less favored admirers. Once Leicester, ashamed to see his queen make a fool of herself and angry and envious to see the woman he loved show tenderness for another, tried to undermine the favorite by introducing at court a very excellent dancing master, who, he thought, would quite outshine Sir Christopher. But the queen was faithful to her friend. "Pish!" she said. "I will not see your man. Hopping about is his trade." Yet at last the graceful Christopher went too far. The queen had had much to say about platonic love, but platonic love is a dangerous plaything, and once in a note to her poor Hatton burst out in some words that had a warmer sound than platonic regard allows. Elizabeth, reading the letter, paced up and down the room, angry and amused, swearing and chucking, no doubt. Then she made a remark, the truth of which she forced itself upon many other women under corresponding circumstances. "What fools apparently sensible men sometimes make of themselves!"—Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar.

Spinsters in Clover.

In Denmark the spinster's state has been robbed of much of its horror—in fact, there's a premium on the spinsterhood. A celibacy insurance company has been founded, and between an insurance policy and a husband a Danish maiden's heart is rent with indecision.

Matrimony is interesting, but problematic. Insurance in a good company is a safe proposition. How shall a wise woman choose?

If the holder of a policy in the celibacy is still unmarried at 40, she is considered immune and gets a life annuity. If she marries before 40, she forfeits her policy and premiums.

In Sweden and Norway there are several old maids' homes, and at least one of them is a most attractive institution. A very wealthy man, dying more than 200 years ago, left most of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants.

A superb home was built and furnished and managed by salaried trustees. Any old maid who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to a place in the home. She has a private suit of rooms, a private servant, private meals and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demands.

A Quaint Custom.

A curious wedding custom, a survival of the folklore of the fetherland, is found in the German settlement about Buckley, Ill., and in the townships farther east. When a young couple is to be married, the elder brother of the bride starts out on horseback a few days before. If the bride has no brother, some other male member of the family takes the place. His summons is just as effective in assembling the guests as the engraved invitations of society folk in the cities. He is a picturesque figure. In his invitation trip he is the recipient of many perquisites in money or gifts, which, by right of custom, are kept as his own. At every place where he leaves an invitation to the wedding the recipients are expected to give him something. The size of the gift is regulated by the circumstances of the receivers. It may be a piece of money, a bill or a coin, or it may be only a ribbon or a trinket. However small, the present is invariably expected and given. As he receives his gifts he pins the bills to his clothing or hat, sews on the coins and ties the ribbons to his horse's bridle. As he progresses on his rounds the gifts are added one by one till his clothes are opulent with money and trinkets.

The Boy's Room.

The boy's room should not be neglected. Let it be bright and cheerful and furnished for wear. Matting is too fragile for a boy's room. Have a painted floor with cheerful rugs, a bright new rug carpet or a warm colored ingrain. Let the room suggest the owner. Unless he is very aesthetic do not drape the mantel and swathe the windows in lace. A boy will look out of doors, and the muslin curtains may as well be looped back. If you cannot give him a leather or pinstriped couch, dress up a cot in brown, blue or red denim or in pretty art ticking for a lounging place. Give him bookshelves or cabinets for curiosities or an opportunity to develop any fad he may have taken up. Be sure that he has an easy chair and a footstool; also, if he is old enough, a mirror in a place light enough for him to shave himself without cutting his throat.

Her Autograph Fireplace.

A college girl graduate whose parents are trying hard to reconcile her to the shades of home life is having her own room done over. She has had her own way in every detail of the alteration, and the family doesn't think that higher education is infallible in matters of household decoration.

One feature of the new room does credit to a college education, though. The fireplace is a large one with a high shelf and vast expanse of soft green tiling.

The sweet girl graduate bought the unglazed tiles and asked each of her intimate friends to write his or her name upon a tile. Then she had the autographs burned into the porcelain and the collection set into the fireplace.

The decorative value of the idea may be questioned, but the sentiment is beyond reproach.—New York Sun.

Sayings About Women.

There are few husbands whom the wife cannot win in the long run by patience and love.—Margherite de Valois.

On great occasions it is almost always women who have given the strongest proofs of virtue and devotion.—Montaigne.

God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.—Holmes.

The hell for women who are only handsome is old age.—Saint Evremont.

An old woman is a very bad bride, but a very good wife.—Fielding.

Marriage has its unknown great men as war has its Napoleons, poetry its Chéniers and philosophy its Descartes.—Balzac.

I don't want a woman to weigh me in a balance. There are men enough for that sort of work.—Holmes.

A CITY OF BELLES.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL IS CELEBRATED FOR ITS FAIR WOMEN.

Travelers Testify to Washington's Eminence in This Respect—Social Life and Its Division Into Sets. Leaders in the Capital's Gayeties.

Our national capital during its comparatively brief existence has gained worldwide and enviable fame for the beauty of its women. Diplomats and travelers have admitted and dilated upon Washington's claims to such distinction, and wherever these world wide veterans gather, be it at Teheran, Cape Town or Peking or anywhere else, the beauty and charm and grace of the women of Uncle Sam's capital are often a topic of after dinner discussion.

There is much reason for the reputation of Washington for feminine beauty, for all parts of Columbia's domain unite in sending to it their fairest daughters. The diplomatic corps has always its full quota of beauty, and they combine with our native charms to make of any function a living galaxy of beauty.

Washington society is divided up into a number of "sets." There are the cabinet set, the supreme court set, the diplomatic contingent, the army and navy circle, the congressional element and a number of others. Some of these sets are ultra exclusive, others less so, while in some cases the members commingle in gracious intercourse. Each of the sets has of course its feminine leader or leaders, and efforts to attain the acknowledged headship of each coterie call forth the exercise of the shrewdest diplomacy, tact and knowledge of social requirements. Happy the woman whose efforts are crowned with success and who knows that the other women of her "set" look to her for social directions and guidance.

At present there is sharp rivalry in several of the circles for their leadership. The war is conducted of course with most exquisite politeness and according to the rules of the best society, but it is none the less real and vigorous. The leader of society in Washington need not necessarily be possessed of great beauty, but if she



Photo by Clinedinst, Washington.
MRS. SENATOR HANSBROUGH.

have that in addition to the other requirements she may well consider it the highest trump in the game.

In the diplomatic set the two leading beauties are unquestionably the Countess Cassini, niece of the Russian ambassador, and Mme. Wilde, wife of the Argentine minister. In the senatorial circle two young women are aspirants for the title of "the bride of the senate." Each of them has been married recently, enough to give her the title. They are Mrs. Thurston, wife of the Nebraska senator, and Mrs. Hansbrough, whose spouse represents North Dakota.

Mrs. Hansbrough is a true "daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." She is a stately, statuesque blond, with the prettiest of gray-blue eyes and a lovely complexion. Before her marriage in 1897 as Mary Berri Chapman she was well known as a poetess, an amateur artist of great ability and a musician. She has lost none of her talents and shines resplendently in Washington society.

Of senatorial daughters the three Misses Foraker, Miss Clark of Montana and Senator Depew's niece, Miss Paulding, among others, are widely and favorably known for beauty and charm.

In the cabinet circle there is just now a very lively contest for leadership. The main aspirants are Miss Helen Hay, daughter of the secretary of state, whose poetry has attracted some attention; Miss Flora Wilson, the head of the household of the widowed secretary of agriculture, and Miss Helen Griggs, oldest daughter of the attorney general. In the supreme court coterie two debutantes, Miss Fuller and Miss McKenna, are attracting most attention. Miss Martha Hichborn, the daughter of Rear Admiral Hichborn, the retiring chief constructor of the navy, is the acknowledged belle of the very exclusive army and navy circle.

Like every other social center, Washington has its gossips, and as the belles of the capital city have the custom of almost invariably "marrying well" Dame Rumor is constantly occupied with their names. Daughters of supreme justices in especial make brilliant matches, and the names of the Misses Fuller and McKenna are frequently coupled with those of eligible "parties."

A Little Lad Of Long Ago

Little Abe hurried home just as fast as his feet would carry him. Perhaps if he had worn soft wool stockings and finely fitting boots, like ours, he could have run faster, but instead of stockings he wore deerskin leggings, and pulled over these were clumsy moccasins of bearskin, which his mother had made for him.

Such a funny little figure as he was, trudging along across the rough fields! His suit was of warm gray homespun. His odd shaped cap had once been on the back of a coon.

In one hand little Abe held something very precious. It wasn't a purse of gold or a bag of jewels. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of that book in his hand than he would of gold or precious stones.

To know just what that book meant to this little lad you would need to be very fond of reading. You would need,



IN THE GRAY MORNING LIGHT.

too, to know how it would seem to live far away from all schools, to have no books of your own and to see no books anywhere except two or three very old ones of your mother.

So when a neighbor had told little Abe that he could take this book home and keep it until he had read every page do you wonder that his eyes shone like stars?

Little Abe's home was built on a hillside. It was not much like yours. It was not built of stone or brick, not even of nice, smooth lumber, but of rough logs. When little Abe lay in his small bed close to the roof, he could look through chinks between the logs and see the great white stars twinkling.

Tonight after little Abe had crept up the steps to the loft he put his precious book in a small crevice between the logs. When the first gray light came in in the morning, he woke and read until his father called him to get up. This he did night after night until the book was nearly finished.

One night he slipped the book away as usual and fell asleep to dream of its wonderful story. He woke very early, but there were no golden sunbeams to peep through the chinks and play across his pillow this morning. The loft was dark and cold. Little Abe could hear the wind whistling out of doors. He reached out his hand for the book, and—what do you think—he put it into a pile of something lying white and cold on the bed. His little bed was covered with an outside blanket of soft snow!

He shivered and sat up, reaching again for the book. He pulled it out. Then the poor little fellow almost cried, for that precious book was wet from cover to cover.

Poor little Abe! He sat up in his cold little bed and brushed off the snow as best he could. He tried hard to keep back the tears. But there was a big lump in his throat and a big ache in his heart.

As soon as he could little Abe set off across the snowy fields to the house of the neighbor. It was more than a mile away, but he trudged along, not thinking of the wind or the cold, but only of the borrowed book. When he found the neighbor, he held out the poor spoiled book, and, looking straight up into the man's face with clear, honest eyes, he told his sad little story.

"Well, my boy," said the man, smiling down into the sober little face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work for me to pay me for it?"

"I will do anything for you, sir," said the little fellow eagerly.

"Well, then, I will ask you to pull fodder corn for me for three days."

Little Abe looked up into the kind face. "Then, sir," he said wistfully, "will the book be all mine?"

"Why, yes, of course, you can have the book; you will earn it."

So little Abe went to work. For three days he pulled corn for the cattle. He was cold, his back ached and he was tired all over, but he was too happy to mind, for that precious book was soon to be his own, his very own. What was the book for which little Abe worked so long and faithfully? Was it a book of wonderful adventures or a story of the sea or a book of beautiful fairy tales? The book was the life of George Washington. And long years afterward when our little friend of the honest blue eyes had become a grand man and the great and good president of our nation he used to tell the story of his first book and say, "That book—'The Life of Washington'—helped to make me the president of the United States."—Alice E. Allen in Good Housekeeping.

OLD DUTCH COLONIAL.

Floor Plans Are Especially Well Arranged—Costs \$4,000.

[Copyright, 1900, by George Hitchings, architect, 1090 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn.]

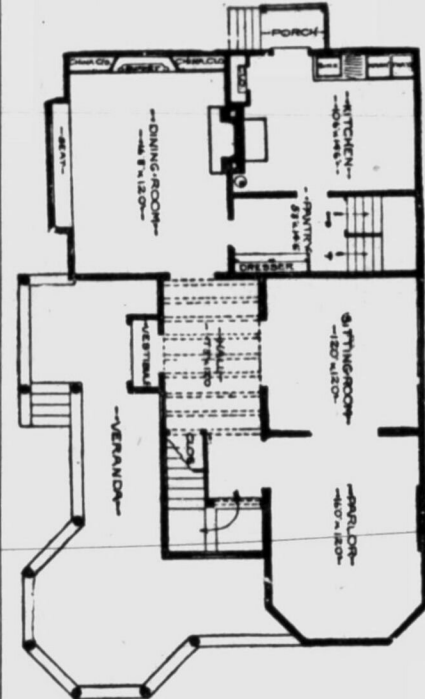
This design shows a colonial house with elegantly arranged floor plans. The wide piazza, extending across the front and around the side, enables the occupants to find shelter from the hot summer sun at all times of the day.

Upon entering the hall you are greeted with a style of architecture that prevailed in the period of the Revolution, what



FRONT ELEVATION.

is termed the old Dutch colonial. The exposed beams on the ceiling and the high paneled wainscoting are very effective. This hall is ornamented with an elaborate winding open staircase with carved newels and balusters. Directly back of the front doors is a pair of sliding doors entering the sitting room, which is also a very pleasant room, sep-

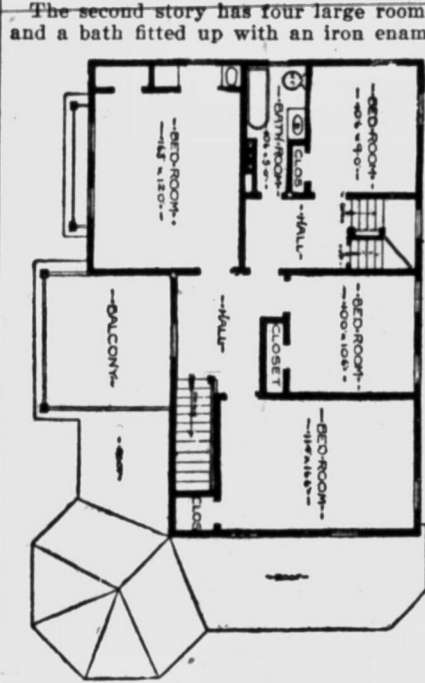


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

arated from the parlor by sliding doors. The parlor is a large room, with windows looking out in every direction.

The dining room and kitchen are on the other side of the hall, entirely separated from the rest of the house. The dining room is provided with two china closets and a buffet, and also a large window seat looking on the front of the house. The pantry and kitchen are fitted up with all the modern improvements.

The second story has four large rooms and a bath fitted up with an iron enamel



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

eled bathtub and open set fixtures with nickel plated trimmings. Each bedroom is provided with a large closet.

The attic contains two bedrooms and a billiard room of good size. The woodwork is oak on the first floor and cypress on the second and attic.

The exterior is painted three good coats of paint.

Cost complete, \$4,000.

Some Kitchen Hints.

"When I furnish a kitchen as my workroom, some idea as to convenience and the saving of time and steps modifies the arrangement of things," says a writer in Good Housekeeping. "All the utensils are kept as near as possible to where they will be needed. The tin covers of saucepans and kettles are on a rack within reach of the range. The cooking forks and spoons have their niches just below. The little paring knife I like best is not in the knife box amid carvers and mixing spoons, but where I can get it without leaving the low rocker where I sit when preparing vegetables. The bread knife and cutting board (which last is apt to be the cover of a grape basket, light and clean) are always convenient to the bread jar. Two or three favorite saucepans are kept hanging abroad, in full view, near the water faucet, for is not the first step toward cooking almost everything the preparing of some freshly boiled water?"

For Washing Paint.

An excellent soap for washing woodwork, straw matting or oilcloth is made by dissolving a bar of soap in a pint of boiling water. Add a tablespoonful of borax and set it aside to cool. Add enough of this soap to a bucket half full of water to make a good suds and wash with a soft flannel cloth. Rinse with clear water and wipe quite dry. The borax makes the cleaning easy and does not injure the paint or oilcloth. Give the oilcloth one or two coats of varnish during the year, and it will greatly lengthen its period of usefulness.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 17.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xxiii, 13-26. Memory Verses, 20-24—Golden Text, Luke xxiii, 4—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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13, 14. "Behold, I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him." After the first examination of last week's lesson, as soon as it was day the elders and chief priests led Him into their council for a more formal examination (Luke xxii, 66), after which they took Him to Pilate, the Roman governor, to have Him put to death. It would seem that Peter's denial took place before the formal council examination, and after they started with Him to Pilate Judas went and hanged himself. Pilate examined Him, found no fault in Him, and sent Him to Herod, hoping to be rid of the case (verses 3-7), but Herod only mocked Him and sent Him again to Pilate (verses 8-12). This about brings us to our lesson.

15-17. "I will chastise Him and release Him." Herod could find nothing against Him, and Pilate testified three times that he found no fault in Him, yet now he says he will chastise Him. But why, if He has done nothing amiss? Was it with the hope that this would satisfy the people, and that he might then release Jesus? Possibly, for he seemed to desire to release Him, and did much toward it. His wife also urged him to have nothing to do with that Just Man (Math. xxvii, 19). Give special attention to our Lord's words to Pilate concerning His kingdom not being of this world, and Pilate having no power against Him unless it was given him from above (John xviii, 36; xix, 11), the former declaring that man does not give Him the kingdom, nor can man prevent it; it will be on this earth, it will be given Him by the Father and will include the whole earth. The latter declares that nothing transpires on earth without permission from heaven, and our Lord recognized that not Caliphates nor Herods nor Pilates, nor all combined, could do one thing beyond that which God had before determined should be done (Acts iv, 27, 28). He came to die for the sins of the world; the time had come for Him to lay down His life, and He was calmly going forward to do it.

18, 19. "Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas." See our blessed Lord scourged and crowned with thorns, and consider it as if you really saw it all and say again, "For me," until you get filled with real gratitude. It was the custom for the governor to release unto the people a prisoner at this feast, one whom they might choose, and they had a notable prisoner, named Barabbas, who had committed murder (Math. xxvii, 15, 16; Mark xv, 7). Pilate seems to have hoped that they would choose Jesus rather than such a man to be released, but he knew not the people nor the purpose of God. Could our Lord have forgiven for such as preferred the devil to Himself, for Barabbas and those who cried for his release were the devil's own (John viii, 44), and yet did not Adam and Eve prefer the devil and his wisdom to God and His love?

20, 21. "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" This is said to be Pilate's sixth attempt to release Jesus, his sixth time asking for Him, but their only response is, "Crucify Him." Some count it his seventh intercession; anyway, it is his last. It was at this time that he asked, "What shall I do then with Jesus who is called Christ?" (Math. xxvii, 22.) Oh, if he had only asked this question from his heart, knowing who Jesus was, and had received Him, how good it would have been for Pilate! Those who have heard of Jesus have either accepted Him or rejected Him; the former are children of God, but the latter continue children of the wicked one (John i, 12; iii, 36).

22, 23. "The voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed." Iniquity still prevails, the ungodly prosper, the righteous are oppressed, but the Lord is on the throne, and the time is coming when "The Lord alone shall be exalted," "All kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall serve Him" (Isa. ii, 11, 17; Ps. lxxii, 11). It looks as if the adversary had it all his own way, but the end shall declare the righteousness of God, and the redeemed shall sing, "Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Nations" (Rev. xv, 3).

24. "And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required." Mark says that Pilate was willing to content the people. There was no question with Pilate as to whether it pleased God; he knew not God. He, like the Jews, knew no king but Caesar; in a sense he knew no king but himself. Better far to have been the poor beggar who used to lie at the rich man's gate or the poor sinner who washed Jesus' feet with his tears in Simon the Pharisee's house, or any of the maimed or halt or blind who were saved by Jesus' blood than Pilate or Herod or Caiaphas, with all their power and a position which doubtless many envied.

25. "He delivered Jesus to their will." The will of God is life and salvation. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. This is the will of God, that every one who seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life (II Pet. iii, 9; John vi, 39). The will of the devil is death and destruction; he is the destroyer and murderer, as seen in the death of Abel and all since his death; the death of the Hebrew children about the time Moses was born; the death of the little children in Bethlehem when Jesus was born, and in all the curse of sin and sorrow that has been on the earth since sin first came. How desperately wicked the heart must be to choose Satan instead of God and darkness instead of light!

26. "On him they laid the cross that he might bear it after Jesus." Matthew says that they compelled Him to bear the cross. Simon, coming out of the country, would be coming into the city, but they are taking Jesus out of the city; so Simon is against his will, turned right about and compelled to this service. May we not believe that it proved to be as happy a day for Simon as it did for Saul of Tarsus when he, on his way to Damascus, was turned right about as to all his beliefs and purposes? When you are stopped and turned about to do some seemingly disagreeable thing, may you see in it the privilege of following Jesus and of bearing the cross with Him and believe that all your steps are ordered by the Lord! A thousand times rather be Simon the Cyrenian than those who compelled him to do this, or Pilate, who sanctioned it all. Jesus would never forget it.

